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*Banquet in Commemoration of the
Seventieth Anniversary of the ...*

Union League of Philadelphia

KF 2743

10/11



W. A. Brunt

Hunter, Ashmead & Co. Ltd., Phila.



UNION LEAGUE,

April 27th, 1892.

BANQUET IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

BIRTHDAY

OF

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

PHILADELPHIA,

1892.

KF 2743



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PREFATORY NOTE.

On April 27th, 1891, a banquet was given at the Union League in commemoration of the birthday of General Grant.

The Honorable Edwin H. Fittler was chairman.

The following were the guests :

E. S. STUART,
THOMAS DOLAN,
JAMES MILLIKEN,
JOSEPH C. FERGUSON,
JAMES R. YOUNG,
H. H. BINGHAM,
F. H. ROSENGARTEN,
GEORGE S. FOX,
GEORGE G. PIERIE,
WM. M. SINGERLY,
SIMON A. STERN,
WILLIAM L. ELKINS,
CLAYTON McMICHAEL,
JOHN L. LAWSON,
GEORGE D. McCREARY,
E. J. MATHEWS,
ROBERT DORNAN,
J. RAYMOND CLAGHOEN,
JOEL COOK,
FRANK DUNDORE,
JAMES H. LAMBERT,
DR. H. E. GOODMAN,
THOS. V. COOPER.

E. C. KNIGHT,
LINDLEY SMYTH,
A. J. ANTELO,
C. J. STILLÉ,
LEWIS MERRILL,
JOHN J. RIDGWAY,
J. F. TOBIAS,
CHARLES SMITH,
DR. THOS. HAY,
THOMAS COCHRAN,
WILLIAM POTTER,
JAMES POLLOCK,
JOHN LUCAS.
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG,
GEORGE S. FERGUSON,
WM. H. HURLEY,
CHARLES O'NEILL,
ROBERT S. DAVIS,
JOSEPH MOORE, JR.,
ROBERT EDEN BROWN,
T. WEBSTER FOX,
S. EMLÉN MEIGS,
WM. R. LEEDS.

E. C. Knight offered the following resolutions which were adopted :

Resolved, That the chairman be requested to appoint a committee, who are hereby respectfully invited to take into consideration the next anniversary of the birthday of General Grant, and to make all arrangements that in their judgment may be fitting to give it due commemoration.

Resolved, That the action of this committee shall be final in whatever may be appropriate to the occasion; that a majority of said committee shall have power to act and to name their successors, and that the chairman be requested to serve as a member.

In pursuance of these resolutions, Mayor Fitler as chairman, appointed the following as the committee for 1892 :

EDWIN S. STUART,	JAMES MILLIKEN,
A. J. DREXEL,	GEO. W. CHILDS,
LINDLEY SMYTH,	E. C. KNIGHT,
EDWIN N. BENSON,	WAYNE MACVEAGH,
JOHN L. LAWSON,	GEO. D. MCCREARY,
CLAYTON McMICHAEL,	JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG,
THOMAS DOLAN,	WM. M. SINGERLY,
C. J. STILLÉ,	JOHN H. MICHENER,
WILLIAM H. HURLEY,	JOSEPH MOORE, JR.,
A. J. ANTELO,	LOUIS WAGNER,
LEWIS MERRILL,	WILLIAM POTTER.

The committee as thus appointed, organized by the selection of Edwin S. Stuart as Chairman, and William Potter as Secretary.

An executive committee was appointed composed as follows :

EDWIN S. STUART, Chairman,	
E. H. FITLER,	CLAYTON McMICHAEL,
GEO. D. MCCREARY,	JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG,
WM. H. HURLEY,	WILLIAM POTTER.

Under the auspices of this executive committee, the banquet in commemoration of the seventieth birthday of General Grant was celebrated at the Union League, April 27th, 1892.

A painful accident prevented the attendance of Mayor Stuart, who had been designated by the committee as the Chairman of the Banquet.

By direction of the committee the chair was taken by John Russell Young.

THE SUBSCRIBERS.

The following is the list of subscribers to the banquet :

EDWIN H. FITLER.	SAM'L B. HURY.
JACOB NAYLOR.	JOHN LUCAS.
THEO. E. WIEDERSHEIM.	A. K. MCCLURE.
ALFRED PEARCE.	JOS. STORM PATTERSON.
JOS. W. KERR.	ROBERT ADAMS, JR.
JOS. S. F. KERR.	W. R. LEBRENZ.
E. B. EDWARDS.	H. W. MOORE.
JNO. H. HARKNESS.	W. H. LONGWELL.
J. D. THOMAS.	W. G. HUEY.
J. D. CAMPBELL.	GEORGE WATSON.
CARL GRUBNAU.	HENRY C. TERRY.
C. STUART PATTERSON.	GEO. S. FOX.
JOHN F. GRAFF.	JOS. F. TOBIAS.
H. ANDRES.	J. E. HYNEMAN.
S. H. GREY.	CHAS. E. PUGH.
JNO. J. RIDGWAY.	A. J. ANTELO.
JOS. G. DARLINGTON.	JOSEPH M. GAZZAM.
GEO. H. NORTH.	W. E. MCGILL.
C. F. KINDRED.	GEORGE HERZOG.
WM. L. ELKINS.	FRANCIS M. BROOKE.
BUSHROD W. JAMES.	WILLIAM POTTER.
WM. D. BLACK.	WALTER H. TILDEN.
F. PERCY SMITH.	THOMAS DOLAN.
GEO. W. CHILDS.	JAS. BUTTERWORTH.
E. H. AUSTIN.	THOS. E. BAIRD.
H. W. BARTOL.	GEO. D. MCCREARY.
SILAS W. PETTIT.	COLLINS W. WALTON.
AUGUSTUS R. HALL.	JAMES W. LATTI.
GEO. C. THOMAS.	ISAAC M. LOUGHEAD.

LINDLEY SMYTH.
A. J. DREXEL.
EDGAR W. EARLE.
JOS. MOORE, JR.
J. HENRY HENTZ.
LEWIS WIENER.
GEO. W. HALL.
CHAS. DINGEE.
SAML. J. DICKEY.
THOS. H. DUDLEY.
SAML. DISSTON.
H. C. LUDERS.
J. H. MANN.
LINCOLN GODFREY.
GEO. S. FERGUSON.
E. T. KINGSLEY.
WM. H. FOLWELL.
WM. B. BEMENT.
SAML. C. PERKINS.
CHARLES DISSEL.
GEO. G. PIERIE.
JNO. RUSSELL YOUNG.
THOS. COCHRAN.
PETER A. B. WIDENER.
WM. H. ARMSTRONG.
ALLAN B. RORKE.
LEWIS W. KLAHR.
JOEL J. BAILY.
F. A. HOWARD.
GEN. LEWIS MERRILL.
W. E. LITTLETON.
FAYETTE R. PLUMB.
JAMES POLLOCK.
JAMES H. LAMBERT.
J. JACOB MOHR.
L. S. FILBERT, M.D.
J. B. ALTEMUS.
W. B. BULLOCK.

W. W. PUSEY.
L. A. KITTINGER.
FRANK PYLE.
W. J. MCCLARY.
JOSEPH H. SCHENCK.
SAML. H. CRAMP.
M. RIEBENACK.
CONVERS BUTTON.
J. LEVERING JONES.
ALEX. P. COLESBERRY.
C. H. BRUSH.
H. E. GOODMAN, M.D.
WM. W. SUPPLEE.
J. C. CRAMP.
WM. R. LEEDS.
W. H. HURLEY.
A. A. MCLEOD.
JAMES RILEY.
JOS. C. FERGUSON.
D. R. GARRISON.
JAMES SPEAR.
HENRY C. PATTERSON.
FREDERICK SHAW.
JAMES R. YOUNG.
E. C. KNIGHT.
JOEL COOK.
LOUIS WAGNER.
SAMUEL BELL.
V. C. SWEATMAN.
FRANK SHEPPARD.
JAMES MARTIN.
J. S. WISE.
JOHN BLAKELY.
THOS. R. MURRAY.
JAS. H. SNODGRASS.
JAMES MILLIKEN.
D. H. HASTINGS.
JAMES E. MITCHELL.

S. T. WELLMAN.	L. W. READ, M.D.
WARREN G. GRIFFITH.	W. P. SWAYNE.
EDW. C. MARKLEY.	JAMES B. DOYLE.
GEO. S. GRAHAM.	E. J. MATHEWS.
J. C. FULLER.	JOS. H. BRAZIER.
CHARLES SMITH.	EDWARD S. CLARKE.
WINTHROP SMITH.	R. LUKENS, JR.
STEPHEN GREEN.	W. P. BEMENT.
JOHN G. CARRUTH.	CHAS. F. THOMAS.
JOHN F. STOER.	CHAS. J. WALTON.
JAMES N. MOHR.	THOS. E. CORNISH.
ROBERT DORNAN.	ROBERT C. OGDEN.
JOHN C. LOWRY.	S. C. WELLS.
E. C. KNIGHT, JR.	T. C. SEARCH.
ISAAC N. SOLIS.	WILLIAM WOOD.
EDWIN S. STUART.	FRANK McLAUGHLIN.
HORACE C. DISSTON.	J. EDWARD ADDICKS.
HAMILTON DISSTON.	THOS. C. STELLWAGEN, M.D.
BOIES PENROSE.	W. H. HASTINGS.
J. RAYMOND CLAGHORN.	GEO. W. BANKS.
HENRY C. FORD.	JNO. H. CATHERWOOD.
E. A. HANCOCK.	L. C. VANUXEM.
CLAYTON McMICHAEL.	DR. A. W. BIDDLE.
GEO. W. BARTRAM.	EDMUND WEBSTER.
ALFRED F. MOORE.	COL. JNO. P. NICHOLSON.
ISAAC COOPER.	CHARLEMAGNE TOWER.
W. C. STEVENSON.	FRANK M. RITER.
WM. M. SINGERLY.	WILLIAM H. SMITH.
WM. W. ALLEN.	THOS. B. WANAMAKER.
CHARLES F. WARWICK.	JOHN M. HARPER.
W. S. STOKLEY.	EDWARD I. SMITH.
CHAS. P. HAYES.	JOSEPH J. MARTIN.
J. P. WHITNEY.	ISRAEL W. DURHAM.
DAVID MORGAN.	RODMAN B. ELLISON.
CHAS. A. PORTER.	GEO. A. HUHN.
DAVID MARTIN.	W. P. BOWMAN.
HENRY F. WALTON.	THOMAS HAY, M.D.
JOHN ROBERTS.	W. H. PANCOAST, M.D.

MARTIN MALONEY.

J. M. PETERS.

O. T. HANNA.

GEO. H. MCFADDEN.

CHAS. H. R. TRIEBELS.

GEORGE CAMPBELL.

W. W. WEIGLEY.

EDWIN N. BENSON.

CHAS. EVANS.

F. H. GETCHELL, M. D.

ROBERT S. DAVIS.

THE GUTEKUNST PORTRAIT.

The following correspondence will illustrate an interesting incident that took place at the banquet. Among the decorations of the room was a fine oil portrait of General Grant,—presented to the Union League on the occasion of the Seventieth Anniversary of the Ex-President,—by F. Gutekunst, Esq., the well-known Photographer of Philadelphia. Mr. Gutekunst had taken General Grant upon many occasions, but the portrait in question represented the General as he appeared a few weeks after the surrender of General Lee :

Mr. Potter read the following letter :

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—It affords me pleasure to offer for the acceptance of your Committee, a very fine Oil Painting of the late Gen. U. S. Grant. This was made from the photograph which has always been preferred by his family, and was selected by them from among many others, as the one from which the large Painting was to be made and presented to West Point.

Under the circumstances I feel that your rooms are the most appropriate place for this Portrait, and I am happy in being able to send the same herewith, asking its acceptance.

Respectfully yours,

F. GUTEKUNST.

WM. POTTER, Esq., Secretary of the Grant Memorial Executive Committee.

The reading of the letter of presentation was greeted with cordial and long-continued applause.

At a later date the Board of Directors of the Union League

accepted the handsome gift of Mr. Gutekunst in the following terms :

PHILADELPHIA, May 11, 1892.

MR. F. GUTEKUNST.

Dear Sir :—I have the honor to inform you that the Board of Directors accept the Portrait of General Grant presented by you to the Union League of Philadelphia.

I am requested in this communication to express to you their appreciation of your generosity and courtesy.

The portrait will be placed by the House Committee in a conspicuous place in the building.

WILLIAM POTTER, Secretary.

By order of the Board of Directors.

MENU.



BLUE POINTS.

CHATEAU LATOUR BLANCHE.

CLEAR GREEN TURTLE SOUP.

AMONTILLADO, 1878.

BROOK TROUT, BURGUNDY SAUCE,
CUCUMBERS,

MAROOBRUNNER.

SWEETBREAD WITH FRESH MUSHROOMS.

CHATEAU LEVILLE.

ROAST SPRING LAMB, MINT SAUCE.

NEW ASPARAGUS.

NEW POTATOES.

MARASCHINO PUNCH.

CHAMPAGNE.

TERRAPIN.

ROAST ENGLISH SNIFE.

OLOS DE VOUGEOT.

LETTUCE SALAD.

ICES.

CAKES.

COFFEE.

COGNAC.

CIGARS.

UNION LEAGUE,
APRIL 27, 1892.

THE BANQUET.

The guests having assembled, the chairman, Mr. John Russell Young, asked the Rev. Doctor GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN to invoke the Divine blessing which was done in the following words :—

Almighty God, Lord of the Nations, we bless thee for our civic fathers. We thank thee for their patriotism, their virtue, their wisdom, their courage, their success, their legacy. We especially thank thee for that brave, wise, incorruptible patriot whose birthday we this evening commemorate. Command thy blessing on thy servants, the President of the United States, the Governor of Pennsylvania, the Mayor of Philadelphia, and all the Magistrates in all the States and Territories. We pray for all who are in authority everywhere, that the nations may lead tranquil lives in all godliness. So shall thy way be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. We offer this our prayer in the name of the Mediator Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

LETTER FROM MAYOR STUART.

The courses of the banquet at an end,—the chairman,—called the assembly to order, and said :—

Gentlemen.—The first thought in all minds is one of sympathy with our dear and honored friend, Mayor Stuart, [general cheering] who should have been in my place as your Chairman to-night. He is the head of the Executive Committee, and we, his colleagues, can bear hearty witness to the energy, foresight and ability with which he governed our purposes, and made possible this stately and brilliant festival. Mr.

Potter, the Secretary of the Committee, will read you a note from his Honor. I may venture to anticipate your response, when I say that our thoughts of affectionate, and remembering that his injuries are not serious, our grateful sympathy, go to Mayor Stuart in his chamber of duress and suffering. And with these thoughts our prayers that he may soon be restored to sound and pristine health. [Loud and long applause.]

Mr. Potter read the following letter from Mayor Stuart, which was received with loud applause:

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR,
Philadelphia, April 27, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. YOUNG:

I sincerely regret that the accident which befell me on Saturday last prevents me having the pleasure of joining in commemorating the birthday of General Grant this evening.

I trust that the occasion will be most enjoyable, and with my best and kindest regards to all, I remain very truly yours,

EDWIN S. STUART.

HON. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, Chairman.

“The President of the United States.”

THE CHAIRMAN:—The first toast is one in which are embodied our loyalty to the Union, our reverence for the laws, our esteem for an illustrious fellow-citizen. These sentiments will find expression in the sincerity with which I know you will drink,—“THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.”

[General cheering, the company rising, and the band playing the “Star Spangled Banner.”]

It was the hope of the Committee, gentlemen, and I speak within my own knowledge when I say that it was the earnest hope of the President that he might be here to-night to meet so many of his friends. There has been, however, this afternoon in New York a solemn national ceremony—the laying of the corner-stone of the mausoleum of Grant, an event in

which we have a deep and affectionate interest. You can well understand how this would be a command to the President, and that it would deprive us of his company, as it deprives us of that of Vice-President Morton, Mr. Depew, Secretary Elkins, General Schofield, Secretary Rusk, his Excellency the Chinese Minister, General Horace Porter, and other distinguished friends, who had told me of their purpose to be with us. Assuredly we have no claim upon the President in view of the tender and immediate claim of New York. And this is especially to be regretted, because there is no American living who could have had heartier welcome and acclaim, in these halls of the Union League, than this Chief Magistrate, [loud applause] who has borne himself as worthy to sit in the chair of Washington and Lincoln, likewise of the Great Captain, his friend and comrade in the wars—whose memory he would have rejoiced with us to honor. I will ask Mr. Potter to read you a letter from President Harrison.

Mr. Potter read the following :—

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, April 23d, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. YOUNG:

I could not excuse a denial of the kind invitation of my Philadelphia friends to take part in the observance of the anniversary of the birth of General Grant otherwise than by an engagement to participate in similar observance elsewhere. But I am sure that these friends will recognize the propriety of my participating in the laying of the corner-stone of the monument that New York is rearing over the mortal part of the immortal Captain and Patriot.

Please offer this reason for my absence from the Philadelphia banquet with my sincere regrets.

Most truly yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

HON. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, Phila.

The letter of President Harrison was greeted with loud and continued applause.

THE CHAIRMAN :—The President is not with us, but he sends two members of his official household. I ask our friend, the Postmaster General, to respond to the toast. Gentlemen, I

shall not introduce Mr. Wanamaker, [general cheering] nor say one word of him as a statesman and cabinet minister. He is with us in a closer, and I might add even a higher relation, for he is with us as our townsman and friend. [Cheering.] You will remember the words of the Shunamite woman in the Scriptures, who when the king would do her honor, craved, what was to her the supreme honor, that "she might dwell with her own people." Mr. Wanamaker will feel in the welcome that I anticipate, that in truth, he now "dwells with his own people." [General cheering.]

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN WANAMAKER,
Postmaster General.

When Mr. Wanamaker arose, he was received with loud cheers. The applause subsiding, he said :

Mr. Chairman :—While I thoroughly appreciate the heartiness of the welcome of my old townsmen, I am none the less embarrassed by this sudden call to speak on the toast of The President of the United States. You were kind enough to notice my late entrance to the hall five minutes ago, having been detained in New York. Not until I took my seat at your table had I the slightest intimation that I would be expected to respond to this toast. Long ago, the *Young* man who presides to-night, sought my aid to bring to you to-night the Secretary of the Interior, and I thought my duty complete when I delivered to you the *Noble*-man of the cabinet. (Applause and laughter.)

I regret that the President is not here, and I believe the President has the same regret himself as I know from personal knowledge of his desire to enjoy this good fellowship. The President speaks so much better for himself that I wish he might always do his own speaking, and particularly to-night, for your sakes and mine. (Applause.)

It is proper for me at this moment to add that I am the bearer of a special message to you from the Honorable the Vice-President, expressing his sincere regret for enforced absence from your kindly board. The Vice-President has a warm place in his heart for the Philadelphia Union League (Applause,) that gave him the first reception he had after his election to his high office. Philadelphia has the reputation of being a little slow but she is better than her name. (Laughter.)

The President of the United States!—At his side in the Cabinet as the representative of the greatest State in the Union, the opportunity is afforded me to study the great statesman who fills the chair of the Chief Executive of the Nation. From all I know personally, or have read of the distinguished men who preceded him, in natural qualifications, attainments, experience, love of public affairs, executive ability, he is equal to the great Lincoln, the genial Garfield, and the gifted Grant, whose birthday we are keeping with such grateful memories of his illustrious life. (Loud cheering.) While it might not be inappropriate for me to speak of the personal character of the President I shall venture only a few words upon his relation to the people as their President. He did not learn to love the old flag after he came to live under it in the White House but he fought for it at Resaca and on many a battle field. (Cheers.) It is not strange then that he should be jealous of its honor nor that he should insist upon its proper recognition by nations beyond the sea. (Applause.) On his trip across the continent it was no unusual thing to hear him urge that the children should be taught the principles for which it stood and what it cost to maintain them down through the long years from Valley Forge to Gettysburg. (Applause.) If there be in this great nation of 65,000,000 any who, above others, receive his special love and service, it is not those of the State where he was born or

where he has lived, for all the States and sections and people are alike to him, but it is the old soldiers with whom he camped and messed and marched and fought. (Loud cheers.)

I take it that it would not have been possible to-day to have marked him absent on roll call at Riverside Park, to which he made a reverent pilgrimage to stand with his old comrades about the grave of his old commander and lay the corner-stone of the great monument, not so much as President of the United States, but as one old soldier's tribute to another old soldier, the most illustrious hero of the country. (Applause.)

May I speak to you a word of the profound impression made on me this afternoon by the scene in the Park and about the tomb of General Grant? Until the resurrection morning, Mr. Chairman, I never expect to see so many people together again at one place. A throng numbering over 100,000 silently standing along the river bank, covering the hill slopes, massing elbow to elbow, closing about the granite foundations without music or pageant unable to hear a word of the addresses, hour after hour standing in silence because of their respect for the memory, and filled with affection for the foremost soldier of the age, who had passed on to the last victory. (Great applause.) As I saw the sun sink away in the western sky and my vision still held the picture of the Park, and though years had gone by since the war ended and its most conspicuous figure sat on the porch at Mount McGregor writing its record with those trembling hands that had been touched with death, I felt as the twilight crept on that it was but the sunrise of General Grant's life. (Cheers.) It is true that the name and fame of some men pass away quickly after their death, but the scenes of this day and the keeping in so many cities in fond delight, as we do to-night, the memory of the soldier statesman, only proves that it is possible to live lives that will permanently affect our country and

not be forgotten by our fellow-men. There are lives whiter than marble shafts, more imperishable than the granite tablets.

We do well to meet as we do to-night and tell over what they did and said that we may be inspired by the spirit that once animated the white ashes that sleep in the cradle by the river that softly sings to-night a lullaby of rest, like the mother to her child.

The President of the United States! Personally, worthy of our respect and confidence. Officially, dependent on our loyalty and love, each of us bound to the other, for the upbuilding of the government in all that goes to make a Greater America. (Loud cheers.)

I thank you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, for your great patience in listening so attentively to the words of your old associate—scared by your sudden call—but I assure you that you can never call on me for anything that I will not try to do and do the best I can. (Cheers.)

“Pennsylvania.”

THE CHAIRMAN:—I think that if our patriotism were reduced to its last analysis there would be no prouder thought than that which binds us with love and duty to the dear old commonwealth of Pennsylvania. [Loud cheering.] You now have the next toast:—PENNSYLVANIA! [Cheers.] We are especially honored in having as our guest the Governor of Pennsylvania. [Loud and long continued cheering.] I ventured a moment ago to hint to his Excellency, now sitting at my side, that I was afraid it would be a forlorn hope if one should seek in this company any approval or encouragement of these mounting honors which threaten to come upon him from political conventions [Laughter]. I should hesitate at such an experiment. But I am sure that I speak your thoughts when

I say that we are proud to welcome him to the Union League, [General and continuous applause] that we honor in Robert E. Pattison, the fellow-citizen who has failed in no trust; the official who has won our confidence as the arbiter of grave municipal duties; the magistrate who has never faltered in maintaining the honor and dignity of this commonwealth. [General cheering.] And whatever the verdict from Chicago upon the hopes of political friends,—upon more immediate and graver points here to-night, and in this company the suffrage would be unanimous. Gentlemen, I present to you the Governor of Pennsylvania.

As Governor Pattison arose to respond there was loud cheering, lasting for several moments, while the band played "Hail to the Chief."

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR PATTISON.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen :

When I received the invitation of your Committee to be present here this evening I cheerfully put aside all public and all private engagements in order that I might be present to honor the memory of General Grant. [Applause.] I think I express, without exception, the sentiments of all the people of Pennsylvania when I say, they heartily join with you on this occasion. Pennsylvania desires and deserves a conspicuous place here. Her citizens love General Grant and will never grow weary in celebrating his deeds and his virtues. [Applause.]

It was accounted in time past an honor of no mean distinction to have been a citizen of Rome. We of Pennsylvania, and especially of Philadelphia take great honor in having had with us at one time provision made for a home for General Grant. [Applause.] In the streets of this old city his footsteps were echoed and his voice still lingers upon the ears of devoted and faithful friends.

When he was in command of the United Armies of the

United States, which he led so triumphantly, Pennsylvania gave to him some of his wisest counsellors and ablest generals [applause] the wise, patient, conservative Meade [applause], the superb Hancock [applause], the soldierly Reynolds [applause], the magnificent Geary [applause] the gallant Hartranft [tremendous applause], the brave Gregg [applause] and that grand old man of Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania's war governor, Andrew G. Curtin, [tremendous applause] the back-bone of the Pennsylvania Reserves. [Applause.] So that I repeat Pennsylvania deserves a conspicuous place upon this occasion.

In 1775, when our colonies felt themselves sufficiently vigorous to give a severe twist to the tail of the British Lion, the Pennsylvania Rifle Regiment was the first command, from beyond the Hudson, to reach the American camp about Boston [applause]. When England, not being satisfied with the first attempt, wanted a second round with the Government of America, in 1812, Pennsylvania in the defense of Baltimore and in the invasion of Canada and in the victorious fleet of Perry, furnished more troops than all the other states. In 1861, when the President issued his call, on the 15th of April, for troops, from the hills of Pottsville and Allentown and Reading and Lewistown, five hundred and thirty brave men of Pennsylvania marched to Harrisburg and were mustered into the service of the United States on the 18th of April and on the same night reached Washington and are to-day honored as the "First Defenders of our country." [Applause]. These men were followed in Pennsylvania by 360,000 men, as true and brave soldiers as ever wore a uniform or shouldered a musket. I do not speak this boastingly but for the cause's sake. "Peace however hath her victories no less than war." "Let us have peace." [applause.]

The great founder of Pennsylvania, William Penn, was a missionary of peace. He established in the very beginning, in

the formation of his government, in his council, an ideal democracy. He believed in the capacity of man for self government, and this principle extended the more the people grew in prosperity and substantial worth, so that to-day we have our great and grand Commonwealth.

A traveler, having made the circuit of the world, visited every climate, feasted his eyes upon the beauty and the grandeur of earth, taking his stand upon some eminence on the Alleghenies running through Pennsylvania and bringing within the range of his vision the territory from the River Delaware to the Ohio, and from the hills of New York, on the north, to Mason and Dixon's Line, on the south, will behold a scene for intelligence of population, fertility of soil, wealth of minerals, and beauty of scenery, that is unsurpassed. [Applause.] If he is at all enthusiastic, he will declare it a resurrected Garden of Eden, more useful and less dangerous than the first. [Laughter.] If, on the contrary, he should be of an inquisitive turn of mind, should endeavor to analyze this scene spread before him, he will find, in these fertile fields, more than 200,000 farms, employing 300,000 people, producing annually products of a value exceeding \$200,000,000, and expressing an assessed value of more than \$2,000,000,000. If, on the contrary, he should be attracted by the smoke arising from the stacks upon every side and hear the rattle and the hum of the machinery, he will discover they are the manufacturing industries of our great state, employing more than 400,000 people and annually putting out a produce of more than \$760,000,000. [Applause.] One seventh of the out-put of the manufacturing interests of the United States. Should he, on the other hand, bring within his vision, as it cannot escape him, the long, thin lines, glittering in the sun's rays, almost without beginning or end, he will discover the 15,000 miles of railroad track in Pennsyl-

vania, carrying to the market in coal 75,000,000 of tons, representing in value at the mines more than \$100,000,000. Should he be attracted by the western view, he will discover an odd and curious structure, but what we call in that end of the state oil tanks, representing annually a value of more than \$75,000,000. Being a traveler and of an observing turn of mind, he would naturally be disposed to institute a comparison with the countries far and near; having recently passed through the United States and hearing much about gold and silver, they would not escape his notice. If he examined the statistics, he would discover that in 1889 the commercial value of the gold produced in the United States was \$32,000,000 and the commercial value of silver, \$45,000,000, a total of metals of more than \$75,000,000. When, however, he took these figures and placed them beside the grand totals of Pennsylvania they will stand in the proportion of \$75,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. He will then be compelled to declare that the nation or state, having the command of iron is secure in the command of gold or silver. [Applause.]

The best statistics of Pennsylvania are but a feeble expression of her power and her greatness.

But why continue these figures? Language has failed in the past to fitly describe the greatness and grandeur of our Commonwealth and so it will continue.

When, however, in the course of time, the last banquet shall be held and the last toastmaster shall arise in his place and announce "The State of Pennsylvania," and the guests shall send up a ringing shout to that toast and the last orator shall arise in his place, then, with the wisdom of ages, and with all the rhetoric at his command, he will be compelled to declare, in the language of the Queen of Sheba, as she stood before the glory of King Solomon "The half has never been told." [Tremendous applause.]

"The Memory of Grant."

THE CHAIRMAN:—And now gentlemen we drink the next toast. This we drink in silence, for we are under the shadow of a mighty name. I shall not speak of Grant. That will be done in eloquent words. It is fitting that within these walls once so familiar to him, where we have so often felt the pride and joy of his presence, and where we have done him homage; in this company of those who knew and loved and honored him; of soldiers who followed him with unpausing valor to victory; of soldiers likewise who resisted him with unavailing valor to the end; it is fitting that we should assemble on this memorable anniversary to rejoice in the achievements of his genius and the inspiration of his fame. I give you the illustrious and undying memory of Grant, the captain of our armies and the saviour of our union.

[The company arose and drank the sentiment in silence.]

I remember, gentlemen, on one occasion, asking General Grant the perhaps pertinent question—*which of the many statesmen who surrounded him in his Presidency—were nearest in counsel and authority.* He replied, "Hamilton Fish, Boutwell of the Treasury and Edmunds of Vermont." [Loud and continued applause.] Gentlemen you have heard from Governor Fish whom I saw not many weeks since in the serene beauty of noble old age, and sitting with him on his revolutionary hillside, that overlooks West Point, was grateful for the gentle felicity of Time in still giving him to his country, for I remembered that his father had been in arms with Washington, and that the lessons he had learned from Gallatin and Adams he had given to the Cabinet of Grant. [Applause.] You regret with me, that a sudden and unexpected duty deprives us of the privilege of hearing "Boutwell of the Treasury."

[Applause.] But we have with us "Edmunds of Vermont." [Loud cheering]. He comes to us under the benediction of a fate rarely vouchsafed to public men. He comes retired from public life—from the senate which he honored by his character and service. He comes as one who in the freedom of intellect and of years, prefers to be the spectator rather than the actor in this great drama called the government. But above all gentlemen, and at this anniversary we can proudly remember it, he comes as the dear and trusted friend of Grant. I present to you Senator Edmunds of Vermont.

SPEECH OF HON. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS,

Ex-Senator from Vermont.

Mr. Edmunds was received with loud and continuous cheering, lasting for some time. When silence came he said :

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen : My first mission is to say that I feel more honored almost than ever before to have your welcome in this really historic hall. This club was the beginning of things for the Northern soldier, food, transportation, facility, as, untutored in the arts of war, he went to the Southern country. Returning sick and wounded, you relieved him, with the brotherly love of this city of yours. [Applause]. And so, as we look at the great drama—the great tragedy—those fearful events, from 1861 to 1865, one may well feel proud that he was a citizen and a dweller in this noble city of Philadelphia, and still prouder that he was a fellow-worker in your organization.

The war came and there came to it the dwellers from every hamlet and from every hillside, they almost knew not why, but for liberty and for justice. Among them there came, unsupported by influence or patronage, following the same instinct, and not for private gain, or for office, or glory, the man whose birthday we now celebrate. [Applause]. Of a hardy Scotch

parentage (in the very county of whose father's birth, or his grandfather's, I do not know which, I happened to be on the day he died) this son of Ohio, with the ambition of youth, went to West Point, and with that irony of fate, which seems to mark great men, graduated near the bottom of his class. Serving his good career in the Mexican War, more than good—brilliant—as a young Lieutenant (I could tell you many a story about that) at last, wearied of the slow promotion and the small pay, which would not support his family, he left the army, and what you in this great State of productive industries (of which the Governor has spoken with so much eloquence) would call in a small way, he entered another profession. And when the time came, not seeking for a place, but as a citizen zealous to defend his country, he came and offered his noble services to the Governor of the State of his adoption. Not asking for a commission, not asking even for the stripes or the bands, or whatever you military men call them, of a corporal, but only something to help the cause. It was the Governor of Illinois who placed him in the position of drill-master of the troops which that anxious time of peril had brought together. Thus he began. And from that time forth, you cannot find anywhere, in any department of the Government or in the tale of any politician—and I will use the New York sense of the word [laughter]—a single word or a line from him or any near friends, urging that he should be placed here or there. He only asked to do the earnest duty that belonged to him, the duty of every citizen. [Applause].

So not by indirection, nor by solicitation, nor by any other than that honest ambition which belongs to patriotism, gradually and straightforwardly, with a patience that should govern every American, he came to be Chief of the Armies of the United States. I do not think that General Grant had the

remotest conception five days before he was sent for to go to Washington to accomplish what others had failed to do, [applause] that he was to be placed in the forefront of what appeared to be then the almost impossible task of forcing the enemies' lines near Washington. The Confederate flag was almost waving in sight of the Capitol when he came. It was not a rapid process. We rarely see rapidity in what achieves stupendous results—unless it be some miracle of God ; and miracles, happily, perhaps, for the good of mankind, do not come often. But his military career, Mr. President, I need not recapitulate, was a military career both brilliant and grand. It necessarily implies qualities of the utmost greatness, if I may say so, as a descendant of Quaker families on both sides, and therefore not a fighting man. [Laughter.] But I may say, without being thought to be invidious, that the principal and the greatest glory of that extraordinary man happened after he had achieved the victories which, as a great soldier, he so gallantly won. [Applause].

If you only consider for a moment—and I am not speaking for the moment, or under the influences of this gracious enthusiasm of the hour, but as I think the words of cold truth—if you consider for a moment what the state of this country was at the end of the war when the Rebellion was overthrown, you cannot fail to see that a problem more difficult than that which armies could overcome, was ready to confront whoever should have the Chief Magistracy of the United States, and the control of its Congress. There had been a revolution in half of this republic ; not the ordinary revolution of changing dynasties, or even the policies of statesmanship, but a revolution that went to the bottom of society, and overturned every ancient and well-established system of social life and of neighborly political life. Our Southern brothers with white faces for a hundred years had been raising in part, an aristocracy, but chiefly an aristoc-

racy of wealth and command of office. The new problem was what would happen when three millions of their fellow-citizens, in many of the States the black outnumbering the white, were to be enfranchised, this which would have appalled the stoutest statesmanship,—this stood in the way. It was a problem which, as you can well imagine, would tax the thought of any statesman, and especially one in executive authority. Think of the position! Immediate and unrestrained liberty. On one side the ignorance, the helplessness of the enfranchised blacks—on the other and this was even a graver aspect, the want of education and experience among a larger part of the whites. If these whites were not planters and owners of slaves their social and political position was even worse. This was the issue which confronted the nation when Congress rehabilitated the Southern States upon the principle of equal rights and justice.

General Grant was not an optimist, he was not a pessimist, but he saw, with unfaltering certainty, that the duty of the Chief Magistrate was to uphold the law as he had sworn under the Constitution to execute it. The law said that there should be no persecution because of race or color or quality. Only the manhood of man should be the test, and all his administration of the Government was given to uphold this principle. Thus exerting himself to do what was best and wisest for all, he was called a "tyrant" or a "Cæsar," whatever the special cause of emotion in a particular State might be. Yet all the time there was this steadfast and earnest desire to only do that which the Constitution and the law had said he should do, that no men or women should be stolen because their faces were black. But by and by, as by and by everything will be cured in this weary world of ours, even our Southern brethren came to see what if they had seen at first, would have been saved a great deal, that the principle of justice and fair-play was the only one upon which alone these recently

seceding States and now reorganized communities were to succeed and prosper. Then it was that they saw what General Grant had tried to show them, the unerring truth of the principle without which they themselves in their own States and among themselves could not exist. And so I think it right to say, be I Democrat, be I Republican, that in this great republic of ours, and in the intercourse of its States I can say as he said and as he thought, we can only succeed and only exist upon what our brethren have come to see—happily, I am glad to say—that there should be fair-play to every race and every color and every opinion and that the national power for these fundamental principles should be exerted whenever necessary. [applause.] I am afraid I am taking too much time. [Cries of “Go on,” “Go on” and cheering.]

But it is in another aspect that, having a minute or two on an occasion so memorable as this, and in obedience to your generous solicitations, I think I ought to pay attention to the character, to the capacity of this extraordinary man. I have only spoken of his military career, and attempted to illustrate in a hearty, imperfect way his position as President of the United States as regarding the unfortunate differences that grew out of what we call the Rebellion, and what other gentlemen called “The War between the States.” When we come to another aspect of this man’s character, I think it is one of the marvels of the history of mankind. Here was a man bred at West Point, to warlike studies and that sort of thing, whose career, after he left the army, had been that of the simplest, and humblest. As a General of the Army, he became a great general. Suddenly, as by a flash, he was transformed to be the Chief of the States. There were financial problems, external problems, which I am sorry to say, some administrations—not this one [applause]—have been weak in regarding. And so looking to the interests

of the United States, among the earliest of his doings, he made arrangements for our acquiring the control of San Domingo. Everybody now is sorry, I take it, that we did not do it. [Applause.] The matter was submitted to Congress. But Congress was not so far advanced in that foresight which looks to the far future and studies a country's needs as it ought, and everybody almost in the House and Senate was against obtaining an interest in that island. Grant had done his duty as President in making the provision subject to the approval of Congress for acquiring this island, which, if we had it now, there is not a man of any party or any side, beginning with the anarchists of Chicago, and the Woman's-rights man and the Republicans and Democrats and I say the Republicans first, for your sake, Mr. Governor, (laughter), that would not have that island of the sea. But everybody was against it. General Grant sent a message to Congress reciting what he had done, and saying "My duty is done; if you do not like it, that is your affair, you take the responsibility."

And, so again in another period of his civil career, which, as I said, is more remarkable than his glorious military career, he was persuaded, by the enthusiasm and the love, I will say, of your Western men for something that was not yellow and not white, but a manufacture of the paper mill, to agree to approve the Inflation Bill. Who would stand up in his place in the Senate of the United States or the House of Representatives to say that General Grant, the graduate of West Point, the gallant young captain in the Mexican War, and finally the pioneer volunteer of Illinois, should teach the people of the United States, that it was not worth while to go crazy. Yet that brave and steadfast man acted by some intuition, I can call it nothing else, because there could not have been any study about it, by an intuition which knew what was best for the

people in spite of their own predilections. I think that the action of General Grant in vetoing the Inflation Bill after yielding to the persuasions of friends and consenting to sign it,—I think that his proud following of the right as against the expedient, as much as anything I remember—and I remember a great deal that I cannot have time to tell to-night—illustrates what an inward firmness, what an inward persistence, that governed this man against friend or foe. When he saw the light of truth on his pathway he bravely marched towards it. (Cheers.) That was the man. Privately he was a man like the rest of us. He had his friendships. He had few animosities or predilections for any particular person. He was led into moments of irritation, when he misunderstood what somebody had said or did, or that he thought touched his honor. But I never knew any man who said he had ever done anything to friend or foe, unjustly, or by some circuitous method.

Communities, Mr. Chairman, make their progress slowly. All nature makes its progress slowly. A mountain is not built in a day. It has taken a long time to form the coal mines of your magnificent State; and so in moral affairs, we have the slow, sure, immutable laws of growth. You cannot transform society in a moment. You cannot bring in a millennium by any immediate performance or by any enthusiasm. Neither the Sunday-schools, nor the hustings, nor the anarchists, nor the woman's rights people can improve by a single degree the general welfare of mankind. [Applause.] The growth—and it is a growth I am most glad to believe—the growth of this human globe on every side,—if you can say a round world has sides—on every part of this round globe of ours the growth of the welfare of mankind in the sense that we understand it, of justice, or hope, or happiness, whether it comes from one cause or another, is steady, but it is slow. In nothing do we

see the slowness,—the perfection of growth, so much as in the character of Grant. And therefore, Mr. President, when we look at what this great man has done for his country, not only in his military career, but in his civil career, which I think, looking at the world as it goes, is more remarkable and beneficent than his military career, we see its fruitfulness. It will ripen slowly, but it does ripen. And when this transformed republic, sweeping from sea to sea, comes, as it must, to a belief in the equal rights of man, the equitable administration of justice; education, faith in God, personal self-respect, and in so doing, grows in splendor and power,—the brighter will be the memory of the man whom we honor to-night. He will live with the greatest of those who preceded him,—and his fame will grow until other generations will have a true conception of his genius and patriotism. The future brightens as the past takes flight,—and a century from to-day this anniversary will have the radiance—which comes from the example of the man whom we celebrate,—and from the value of what he did for his country in peace even more than in war. [Loud cheering.]

“Our Foreign Relations.”

THE CHAIRMAN:—The toast I give you is one in honor of friends beyond the seas, and of their representatives the foreign ministers. I had hoped to have had with us the minister from China; but my amiable and accomplished friend who represents at Washington with so much dignity—and I may say with so much patience,—the oldest of civilizations, telegraphs that he is lost in the whirl of the multitudes which surrounded the laying of the corner stone in New York, and that he could not make the train, which has so happily brought us Mr. Noble, Mr. Wanamaker, and Mr. Childs. [Loud applause.] But we have with us the ambassador of Japan. [General and continued cheering.]

When General Grant visited Japan, the Emperor sent a man of war to Nagasaki,—with an embassy of welcome under the lead of Prince Dati,—to meet and escort the ex-President to the imperial capital. Among the members of that embassy was a highly-gifted and modest young nobleman, then of the Imperial Household, who was afterward to be the Governor of Osaka, to hold a high place in the Imperial councils, and who now sits at our table as the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of Japan. [Loud applause.] His Excellency Mr. Tateno, was the constant companion of General Grant during that entire visit, doing the honors of Japan in the name of its sovereign. I know how much General Grant valued his untiring courtesy, his friendliness, which seemed to anticipate every wish, the grace and culture of his society. And I can well understand the sincerity,—I may say the emotion,—with which, as His Excellency said to me this evening, he welcomed the privilege of saying to you how much the man we love, was loved in that exquisite, far-away wonderland of beauty and romance. [Applause.] I drink to OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS, and call upon Mr. Tateno, the Minister of Japan.

SPEECH OF THE JAPANESE MINISTER.

When the Japanese Minister arose he was received with loud and long-continued applause. He said :

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :

I am deeply gratified to have the opportunity of adding my voice to the volume of praise which has been called forth on this occasion by the memory of General Grant. From me, a stranger to your country and to your language, you will expect neither eloquence nor instruction, but I am sure that, if I could fitly express what I feel, you would recognize in my words the genuine evidence of heartfelt reverence for the great man in whose name we have assembled. [Applause.]

It was my privilege to know General Grant personally, and to be associated with him intimately during his visit to my country. You remember him as the great General—the hero of Appomattox, the soldier who saved your Union. Recalling as you must with feelings of liveliest interest that awful drama in which many of you doubtless played a part, it is but natural that you should think first of the imposing figure which so often stood between you and disaster. We in Japan were not ignorant of the fame of the soldier, but what most impressed those of us who were fortunate enough to meet him were the innately noble qualities of the man! He came among us quietly and unostentatiously, clothed with that modest dignity that so well became him; and we tendered him such a welcome as we thought was due him and the great people he so worthily represented. What now delights me most in the recollection of that time is the conviction that he left us our firm and affectionate friend. He saw, as by instinct, the difficulties which surrounded us as a nation, and his sympathy went out to the people who were passing through so strange and so trying an experience. His innate sense of justice quickly led him to the truth, and his words of encouragement, quietly yet firmly spoken, not only found an echo in our hearts, but gained for us substantial advantage in our endeavors to elevate and to dignify our country and its people. That, gentlemen, is the memory of General Grant we Japanese love best to cherish. [Cheers.] We honor the Soldier, the President, the Patriot; but, above all, we remember with reverent affection the kind and just Friend. [Loud cheering.]

“The Heroes of the North.”

THE CHAIRMAN:—The toast that I now give you is one that is never received in the League but with enthusiasm and pride. For we drink to the Heroes of the War for the Union. [General cheering.] In one of the novels of Thackeray—to

my mind the most charming in English literature—you will remember the December day when Esmond returned from the wars. He came to the cathedral sacred to him by many joys and many trials, and into the presence of the woman who loved him. And in the rapture of the greeting, his dear mistress, recalling the words of the anthem she had just heard, received him as one who had gone forth in sorrow and sore dismay, but who had come back bringing his sheaves with him. Gentlemen, not so many years ago, a Philadelphia boy padded these streets and studied in our schools, and became an alumnus of our High School. Following what was the imperative if wayward law of the hour, he abandoned Philadelphia and made his home in the West. It was his fate to be a part of the Union wars, to follow Sherman to the sea, to win and wear the stars of high command. It was his fate to add civic merit to military achievement, to be sent to the Senate by his people, to be chosen President of the Senate. To-night, gentlemen, this Philadelphia boy comes back to us, and here, in these halls of the Union League, we welcome him, as Esmond was welcomed, as one who comes bringing his sheaves with him—the sheaves of valor, learning, statesmanship and national renown. [Loud and continued cheering.] I present to you Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, the President of the Senate:

SPEECH OF SENATOR MANDERSON, OF NEBRASKA,

President of the United States Senate.

Senator Manderson was received with great applause, one guest asking “three cheers for the Philadelphia Senator.” He said: *Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:*

After the touching tribute to the great dead paid by the distinguished statesman who has just spoken to us, and after the words of eloquence and wisdom that have fallen from his lips, I

feel that anything I might say, even in response to this inspiring toast, would seem like the noisy rattle of small arms after the deep voice of heavy artillery. (Applause.)

"The heroes of our Army." The American people have been hero worshippers ever. They have exemplified the truth of the saying of Carlyle, "Hero worship exists, has existed, and will ever exist, universally among mankind." Distinction may come from prominence in literature, science, or art. Recognition may be awarded to statesmanship, but the nation's deepest gratitude and highest reward are given to the military hero. The laurel wreath goes ever to the "Man on horseback." The great Republic simply followed precedent when, after the wars of the Revolution, of 1812 and with Mexico, it called to highest place, Washington, "first in war," Jackson "who beat the British," and Taylor who carried its flag through the chaparral, until he placed it, to float in beauty and triumph, over the walls of the Mexican Capitol.

Yet a close observer who had passed through the country north of the Potomac and the Ohio during the decade before the election of Abraham Lincoln "of blessed memory," (applause). to the chief magistracy, would have said that the martial spirit of '76 was dead, and that the people could not be aroused to deeds of heroic valor and self-sacrificing patriotism. But the giant was merely sleeping! The awakening came with threat of dire disaster. The call to arms! sounded and bonds were broken, fetters were torn asunder, and during the days of red carnage and bloody strife over two million heroes sprang to place, ready to lay down their lives, if need be, that the nation might live. [Applause.]

Nearly half a million made the supreme sacrifice. Falling dead in the fore front of battle, crawling away wounded to die in the brush amid the din of arms, perishing in the hospital from gun-shot wounds and sabre stroke; stricken with the

malaria of the swamp, the fever of the wilderness and the contagion of the camp, they gave their lives, their useful, youthful lives, that the Nation "might not perish from the earth."

Nearly half a million gave limb and health as the silent, yet speaking, evidence of their patriotism. The sightless eye, the halting step, the empty sleeve all tell their story of heroism. They are heroes all! Living or dead, famous or obscure, leader or follower, captain or man, officer or private; whether from New England's rugged hills, the rich mountains of the Middle States, or the broad fertility of the prairies of the West; whether from the office or the mart, the shop or the farm; whether the hand that seized the sword of command or the musket of execution, dropped pen of professional, tool of mechanic or implement of farmer; wherever they fought, whether in victory or defeat; whether with McClellan they suffered in the swamps of Chickahominy, or made desperate fight at Antietam; whether with Rosecrans they did good work at Iuka or Stone's River; whether with Burnside at Fredericksburg or Knoxville; whether with Thomas, "glorious" Thomas, (Applause), "reliable old Pap Thomas" on Chicamauga's bloody field, or climbing the deadly slope of Missionary Ridge; whether with Meade, the gallant son of the Keystone State, they said to the rebel invaders, in the full flush of their tide of success, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther," and made Gettysburg a holy place, a Mecca of patriotism; whether with Farragut they thundered at the gates of New Orleans or defied the torpedoes of Mobile; whether with gallant Phil. Sheridan they plucked victory from the jaws of defeat at Winchester, or followed his flashing blade down the valleys of the Old Dominion; whether with the military genius Sherman, [Applause,] "dear old Uncle Billy," so lately gone to his reward, they moved upon Atlanta or marched to the sea; whether with the great chieftain,

whose birth-day we celebrate to-day, they fought at Shiloh or witnessed the surrender of the broken Confederacy at Appomattox ; wherever they suffered or fought or fell—on land or sea—they were heroes all, [Applause,] their names to be perpetuated in song and story while men shall recognize valor ; their memories to be enshrined forever in the hearts of a grateful people. [Applause.]

And how young they were! They were the boys of the Northland, the firstlings of its flock. None stood and looked into the faces of the marching thousands but wondered at their youth. They were beardless boys yet mighty men. In the hospital, the longing of the wounded and the sick was not for wife or children, for they were too young to have taken that sort of responsibility upon themselves ; but their cry was for Mother, the dear mother at home, and the dying word was sent to her and to sweetheart and betrothed.

There were captains in their teens, there were colonels not twenty-five, generals and army-commanders without gray hairs. When Sheridan went to the command of a corps he was but thirty ; Sherman was only forty when they declared him crazy because he seemed to be the only man of the time who realized how gigantic the war was and knew it to be "no breakfast job," and this man of silence and man of power, whose birth we celebrate, when he tendered his services to the Governor of Illinois and wished the country to have the benefit of the military education it had given him, was but thirty-nine years of age.

It is worthy of note that these heroes were largely American born. The men who fought the battles of the Republic were, to a very large extent, of the soil. There was born in them from the earth itself that spirit of allegiance and fealty that prompted them to spring to the country's call and follow its flag. We have seen it in print and we have sometimes heard

it said that this War so far as the North was concerned was fought by foreigners. It is charged that imported valor fought the battles of the North.

No! they were not the battles of the North and I will not so call them. They were the battles of the United States. I agree with Senator Edmunds that this war should be characterized as the War of the Rebellion [Applause,] and I say this in no spirit of animosity, or sectionalism or antagonism. It was not a war between the states; it was not a war of the North and the South, for I have seen, as every man who has served has seen, following the stars and stripes men as gallant as any that came from the North who were from the South and Federal soldiers there were from all parts of the seceding states. [Applause.] This was a war between states in secession, states in rebellion, seeking to accomplish that which their people had been wrongly taught to believe was right, and the great Republic of the United States of America. [Applause.] There is no man, I do not care how distinguished he may have been in the military service of the Confederacy, I do not care how eminent he may have been in the councils of the Confederate States, who, if he has good sense and fair judgment is not glad to recognize that fact, and with us, glory in a Union saved and a Nation preserved. [Applause.]

No, this war of ours was not fought by so-called foreign scum on either side. The charge is insulting to those who fought for the country, and is intended to degrade those who fought against it and depreciate their valor. [Applause.] In the Confederate Army there certainly could not have been two per cent. of foreign born. The southern section of the country had not sought or received immigration. The percentage of foreign born in our lines, while larger than in the Confederate, was yet extremely small, and it certainly would be a fair estimate to say

(and I have given the matter investigation) that there was not above twenty per cent. of foreign born soldiers in the Union Army. Of those who came to this country over the age of twenty-one it is fair to say that there were not more than ten per cent. in the Federal Army. In giving this estimate I do not mean to depreciate the valor of foreign born soldiers. We know how well they fought, and owe them deepest gratitude. They were of fighting nationalities and were fighting men, whether they stood beside us in regimental organization or formed battalions of their own. How bravely and ardently the Irish fought, as they have fought for all nations of the world, except Ireland [laughter], and when I consider their capacity for government in this country, their prominence and leadership in State, National and Municipal politics, recognizing them as the governing race, as our natural rulers, I am inclined not to call them foreigners, but rejoice in them as our own. And the Scandinavian Regiments, composed of men who came from that ever courageous northern country, were the true descendants of the venturesome Norsemen. The gallant Frenchmen were of the kin of the patriot Lafayette, and sprang from the loins of those who fought under Napoleon. I think the best history of our war is by a Frenchman who took part in it, Comte de Paris. The brave Germans who were with us how well they fought. The very name signifies "war men," and those who stood by us were the descendants of the great Frederick, and brethren of the heroes of Sedan and the conquerors of Paris. All hail to every foreigner who fought for the right, whether many or few, and I repeat that certainly not over ten per cent. of those who were in the war were foreign born who came to America after arriving at majority.

It is the boast of the Londoner that he was born within the sound of "Bow bells," and it is mine that I first saw the light within the sound of that bell which succeeds that other bell of

independence which "proclaimed liberty throughout the land and to all the people thereof." [Applause.] I also exult and have pride, Mr. Governor, in the noble career of Pennsylvania's soldiers [Applause.] 300,000 of them sprang to arms at their country's call. They shed their blood on every battle-field, their names illumine every page of the history of the War of the Rebellion. [Applause.]

Pennsylvania shares with Ohio the claim for leadership of the armies of the Republic. Time will not permit us to call the roll of the immortals. The Governor has gone over the list of martyrs: Hartrauft, Geary, McClellan, McCall, Reynolds "the heroic," Hancock "the superb," and Meade "the steady." All that we have named have gone over to the silent majority. All are dead. "On fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread." [Applause.] We will ever preserve their memories. How fitting it was that, in the great battle that was fought within the confines of the Keystone State, the bloody and decisive Gettysburg, the leaders of our armies should have been these three Pennsylvanians,—Meade, the commander, Hancock, his right bower, and the noble Reynolds, who fell on the field of glory. [Applause.] Worthy sons of the Keystone State. Peace to their ashes!

It would be matter of deepest interest, and certainly instructive, to recall some of the individual heroic deeds of the heroes of our army and navy, showing daring, valor and sacrifice. The forlorn hopes led by volunteers, the desperate charges made, have been sung in song and told in story. No man has worn the blue and not witnessed some heroic individual endeavor.

I desire to recall to you to-night but one. It did not come under my personal observation for it was in the navy, and I tell it because I know my friend Boutelle is not, as is his habit, to respond to the toast to the navy and I should not steal his thun-

der. He has a subject with which he is less familiar than the navy, but he is always and ever eloquent on any topic. I want to recall the story of Farragut at Mobile.

His flagship was the "Hartford," and his fleet was to move on and capture the forts and take Mobile. Farragut, the Nelson of our navy, whom Holmes said "made the mast of his ship his throne," issued the order of fighting; the "Tecumseh," a gunboat under Capt. Craven, should lead, the "Brooklyn" should come next, and the "Hartford" was to follow. The bay was full of torpedoes and explosive obstructions. The rebel warships were beyond and outside the obstructions, and our ships were to pursue a course which would bring them around the torpedoes. But Capt. Craven was not the sort of man his name would seem to indicate, and with his ship boldly faced the rebel boat "Tennessee" to give her battle; but the deadly torpedo did its work. Suddenly there was heard a loud explosion and the good ship sadly torn and shattered was about to sink. There was brief time for shrift or prayer for the noble fellows on board before the gunboat would go to the bottom.

Let me depart from the story of Farragut for a moment to tell of the noble deed of this Sydney of the American Navy. Capt. Craven, with the pilot of the ship, rushed to the exit by the turret, and saw that the only means of escape was by climbing a ladder that led to the top of the turret, and there might be a chance for one who could swim to save himself from death. At the same moment they reached the foot of the ladder that led to safety and meant life. There was no chance for both to be saved. Craven stepped aside and, with the polite courtliness and self-sacrificing bravery of knight of old, said to his companion, "After you, Pilot." And the pilot went aloft to be saved, and Craven remained to go down to glorious death with his good ship. [Applause.]

The "Brooklyn" following the gunboat, stopped her speed on seeing the disaster, and there was much confusion. Farragut early in the fight climbed up the rigging of the "Hartford" and found a lodgement (Boutelle could tell you where, but I cannot as I don't know a marline spike from a bowsprit, being a land-lubber), but Farragut went aloft somewhere and as the smoke became thicker from the belching guns and settled over the water he climbed higher and still higher. Capt. Drayton, who was in command of the vessel sent the quartermaster up to lash the old commander to the rigging so that he might not be lost overboard in case he was wounded by the enemy's fire. Farragut saw the Brooklyn stop her course; seizing his trumpet he cried aloud: "What is the trouble." Capt. Alden replied, "There are torpedoes ahead." "Damn the torpedoes," shouted Farragut. "Sound four bells, Capt. Drayton go ahead. Jouett put on full speed." And the vessel forged ahead passing the "Brooklyn" and taking the lead. The commander was on the skirmish line, to use a military term. We all know the story of how the battle was won.

Time forbids that I should do what I would much like to do on this eventful night, tell of my personal recollection of the hero born seventy years ago. I was with Grant at Shiloh, his first great battle. I was in the Army of Thomas serving under Grant in those glorious battles about Chattanooga. With thousands of others I started at his signal of those six guns that required that the Army of the Cumberland should take the rifle-pits at the foot of the ridge and it construed the order to mean the ridge itself. The result could not have been otherwise than it was, when Grant was there to conceive, and Thomas, Sherman and "Joe" Hooker were there to execute. [Applause.] Time will not permit these reminiscences.

If the action of these heroes of our Army was heroic the

cause was holy. The struggle was not for the Republic alone. The victory was won for humanity. All rejoice at the result, and North and South alike bless the God of battles for it.

Forever live this great Republic, founded by Washington and his compatriots, preserved by Abraham Lincoln and his associates, [Applause,] saved by Ulysses S. Grant and his comrades, the Heroes of our Army. From every patriotic American heart comes the prayer—"God bless our native land." [Applause.]

"New England in the War."

THE CHAIRMAN :—We have had with us, for the better part of the evening, a statesman from Kentucky, one who might be called the gallant, the chivalrous "Harry of the West," even as our fathers were wont to call the immortal Kentuckian, Henry Clay. It was my hope that Henry Watterson [cheering] would say a word for the heroes of the South, with whom he shared the perils of battle and defeat, of men whose heroism should never want a word of recognition in any company, which remembered the name of Grant. [Cheers.] Mr. Watterson was compelled to leave early in the evening, and although Mr. Wise has my assurance that he will not be asked to speak, I will at a later hour request our eloquent friend to address us on behalf of the South. [Applause.] In the meantime, however, I will ask you to drink as a sentiment: NEW ENGLAND IN THE WAR. [Cheers.] I do this because it enables us to unite with the toast the name of a young and intrepid statesman already well known to us, and I hope even to be better known, not alone in Pennsylvania but to the Union, Charles A. Boutelle, Member of Congress from Maine. [Applause.] I might present him as one who has long been the Jonathan to the wise David who presides over the department of state. [Cheers.] Or I might present him as the rising hope of the proud young Republicans in New England,

who honor a leadership that means aggressive and manly politics. Or I might present him as the leader of the movement in the House towards a new navy. I prefer, gentlemen, to present him to you as the New England boy who went into the conflict when the summons came, and, as a young naval officer, gained well remembered fame. No one has won a nobler right to speak for New England in the War than Mr. Boutelle. [Loud cheering.]

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES A. BOUTELLE.

When the loud and continuous applause which greeted Mr. Boutelle had subsided, he said:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I feel a great deal more indebted for the privilege of being here to-night than I do for the task of following the President *pro tem.* of the United States Senate, the gallant and eloquent Manderson, in making a speech.

Philadelphia inaugurated, be it said to its great honor, this annual recognition of the birthday of our great military hero, and it is a very delightful feeling to recognize the fact that, at this hour, the good example of this city is being followed in nearly every one of the large cities of the Northern and Middle States.

In being here to-night I am myself in default of an engagement to speak in another great city in Pennsylvania, which I was unable to reach; and on the train which brought me here to-day I was accompanied by distinguished men traveling toward New York and other central points, to join with great assemblies there in paying homage to the most illustrious military name in our history.

I congratulate myself upon the good fortune of being able to participate this evening in doing honor to the greatest of American soldiers in the most American city of the United States. [Applause.] That may be said of Philadelphia without any dispute in any quarter, and without exciting the slightest sense of jealousy in any community of the Union.

There is not an American who loves his flag, who loves his country, and who worships at the shrines of its heroes, who is not proud of the historic associations and patriotic fame of this beautiful city of Brotherly Love, in which there are so many precious reminders of all that is greatest and noblest and best in the history of our great and splendid country.

There is not a soldier in my native State who does not cherish, amid the recollections of his army experience, as a bright spot in the memory of those days of privation, his experience of the open-handed and warm-hearted hospitality of Philadelphia as it welcomed the volunteers on their way to the war, and cheered the victors on their return.

I am sorry that some one more able to respond for "New England" has not been selected for that duty to-night. If the distinguished—I was going to say "ex-Senator," but George F. Edmunds can never be dissociated in the minds of the American people—from the great body of which he was so long a foremost member—if he had not ably responded to another sentiment, I should ask him now to respond to the sentiment of "New England."

It was not my fortune to be connected with the military achievements of New England, confining the word "military" to the movements of our land forces during the war. My acquaintance with the army operations in the war of the rebellion was such as I could gain from time to time during my service in another department, that of the United States Navy, and with me the reminiscences of army life and experiences of New England's troops are historical rather than personal. But in the brief limit of five minutes, on an occasion like this, it is hardly to be expected that any of the details of the war should be entered upon.

It may be sufficient to say, and I think it will be here in

Philadelphia enough for me to suggest, that in the late war of the rebellion New England bore as honorable and conspicuous a part as she has borne in other crises of our country's history. It is unnecessary to remind an intelligent audience like that assembled here to-night that New England, in the early struggle for independence, bore a giant's part in furnishing the men and the means that enabled us to give vitality and force to that great charter of American liberty, the Declaration of Independence. The records, which are imperishable, will show that in 1775 the New England Colonies contributed two-thirds of the entire number of troops that were sent into the field, and in 1776 and the succeeding years of the struggle New England furnished fully one-half of the entire number that were brought to bear in the great effort to wrest the independence of the nation from the power of the British Crown. (Applause.)

In the war of the Rebellion New England did its full duty, as of old. With a population of barely three millions of persons, from first to last, from the firing upon Fort Sumter to the last shot at Appomattox, no less than 375,000 of the very flower of our New England youth marched down to the fields of battle, in order that "government of the people, by the people and for the people" should not be lost forever.

In speaking for New England briefly here to-night, may I not also call to your attention one peculiarity of the service it rendered to the country in the war, which, perhaps, is most frequently lost sight of in the cursory glance we give to that great theatre of action. It has been the boast of the South, and none will dispute, that men who will not fight for their homes can have no homes worth fighting for. [Applause.] And the history of civilization has shown that men will sacrifice more and perform greater deeds of valor and heroism in the defense of their homes and their fire-sides than under any other inspiration. The South had that in-

spiration ; they were standing with their backs to the rock, meeting, as they were told and believed, the invader and the assailant. Their homes were in the very theatre of the strife; their valor was stimulated and incited from day to day and from hour to hour by the actual sounds of battle; aye, by the very smell of carnage that arose from the battle-fields. Nothing of this kind inspired New England. So far as our direct interests were concerned we were far removed from the scenes of contention. No sound of hostile cannon aroused, or wreath of battle-smoke obscured the vision of our people. There was no defense of the firesides and the homes to inspire the courage and the daring; but to their honor be it said, and be it ever remembered, that the youth of New England rallied around the flag of our Republic in answer to the appeal of the Chief Magistrate to march and fight for the homes of other people than their own; to fight for the rights of other people than themselves; to offer their lives in a great cause which was destined to make of the lowly cabin of the hunted slave the home of the happy and the contented freeman. [Applause.]

Now, my friends, go back in your memory to the 12th of April, 1861, when that shot at Sumter, like the shot fired at Concord Bridge, "echoed round the world," to recall the fact that from the most remote corner, away up on the North-eastern border of this Republic, in the State of Maine, the President's call for volunteers on the 15th of April, was responded to on the 16th by the call of the Governor, and within forty-eight hours there was organized a regiment prepared to march to the defense of the United States. I feel a reasonable degree of pride in the fact that the first regiment to leave the State was organized in my own city of Bangor, the old Second Maine, the second in number, but the first to leave the State. It enlisted its men within twenty-four hours after the shot was

fired on Sumter, and in as many days was on its march, through grand, old Philadelphia, to the Capital. [Applause.]

I am unable, in justice to the gentlemen who are to follow me, to take time to mention the great names of the illustrious men who represented New England in the great struggle. It is unnecessary that I should now recall by name the gallant Berry, of Maine, the devoted young Winthrop, of Massachusetts, the intrepid Shaw, who fell at Wagner, or here at Philadelphia to remind you of glorious John Sedgwick, who fell at the Wilderness. [Applause.] I need not remind you of the services of Burnside, of Rhode Island, the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and the gallant soldier and General, loved by his men as he was feared by his enemies. I must not try to speak of the chivalry of Devens, the heroism of Stannard, the irresistible dash of Terry, the incomparable staff services of Seth Williams, of Butler, Banks, and the other striking figures that in various exigencies gave prominence to New England's services in the war.

I cannot attempt to recall the list or speak to you as I should wish of New England's heroes in the war of 1812, the indomitable patriots of the New England coast who manned and officered our young navy that so victoriously grappled with the "Mistress of the Seas"; or of their descendants who fought with DuPont at Port Royal and Charleston, with Foote at Fort Henry, with Porter on the Mississippi, and with Farragut at New Orleans and Mobile Bay. The names of Admirals Thatcher, Alden and Smith, and of the latter's devoted son, who was killed on board the *Congress*, were given by my own State to glorious renown, as was Winslow, of the *Kearsarge*, by Massachusetts, and they were only comrades in the host of New England sailors who carried the flag of the Republic into every estuary, along every river and every stream where there was even a "heavy dew."

I may say of the record of New England patriotism, as Webster said of Massachusetts: "There it is, and there it will stand forever."

New England had been morally preparing for the great struggle for freedom for generations before the firing on Sumter. The first regiments of defenders of the Union that left our section were not summoned by Abraham Lincoln, but the gallant legions had been marching out from our New England homes year after year, until they had built up that great and grand country of the West with such giant strides that it sprang to the defense of our country with a giant's strength when the war-shock came. New England not only furnished men; it not only provided the nuclei of this great stream of emigration that had gone forth to buttress the Republic, but New England traditions formulated the sentiment that inspired the hearts of the hosts that marched to battle. It was the spirit of '76 that nerved the hearts of '61. The same impulse that caused Putnam to leave his plow in the furrow in the earlier days, caused the men of '61 to leave their farms and workshops and gather from all the hills and valleys of the North to rescue free institutions from destruction. Who is there of all the soldiers of the great armies of the Union who will ever forget that it was from the lips of a New England woman that came the inspiring song, that loyal anthem which was caught up by column after column of the defenders of the flag, until it became dedicated as the Battle-Hymn of the Republic:

" In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His forehead
That transfigures you and me.
As He died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

[Applause]

And they did march on, in this grand, Christian crusade to nationalize liberty. Nowhere in history is there any parallel to it. Our soldiers literally marched with the musket in one hand and the laurel branch in the other. I was much impressed recently by the remark of a southern speaker, who declared not only his gladness that the war had ceased and fraternity and Union had come, but who made the assertion, that the grandest feature of the whole struggle was that the moment the last shot had ceased to reverberate, the great heart of the North went out in magnanimity toward the South, and that has been true from Appomattox to this day.

The good work is going on. There are representatives of that good work here to-night. We have with us here representatives of both sides of that great struggle who unite in thanksgiving to God that the American Republic is to-day the greatest, the happiest and most undisputed in its unity among the nations of the world. [Applause.]

In conclusion, let me say, in looking back over the history of that great strife, over that marvelous array of men, who were tried and proven in the fierce fires of civil war, it seems to me that three figures stand above all the rest:—the Great President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, brave, loving, patient, profoundly wise; the great military Captain, ULYSSES S. GRANT, self-possessed, determined, unflagging and irresistible in his energy and devotion; and between them, as a great pillar of strength, that magnificent man of “blood and iron,” the Great War Minister, EDWIN M. STANTON. [Applause.] And of him Pennsylvania has an especial right to be proud. You should cherish his memory, and whenever you count the heroes of the war, never forget to place high among them upon the roll the name of Pennsylvania’s great Secretary of War. [Applause.]

Now let us rejoice; let us shake each other’s hands and thank

our Heavenly Father that we are permitted to live to-day in the foremost and most beautiful country in the world, united from sea to sea, from Gulf to Canada line, with no strife within our borders, and no stain upon the flag of the free.

And as time goes on, and the frictions of the past are more and more forgotten, and its glories become more and more resplendent in the future, the memories of Bull Run, Gettysburg and Appomattox will be mingled with those of Lexington, Bunker Hill and Yorktown, among the cherished memories of a great, patriotic, united and happy people. [Applause.]

“Grant in Earlier Days.”

THE CHAIRMAN :—I will now ask you to drink a personal toast, in honor of a distinguished guest—one of the high officers of the State—who comes to us from the executive family of President Harrison. Honor and health to John W. Noble, the Secretary of the Interior [Loud applause.], and in doing so we bid him hearty welcome to the Union League. We welcome him not alone because of his great office, whose duties he discharges with such universal acceptance; not alone as one near to the President, the friend of his early years; not alone as a representative of the vast and growing West, whose imminent empire overshadows the land, but as among those modest, faithful forces in Republican citizenship, long reigning in silent useful ways, and coming when duty calls to serve his country as statesman and counsellor.

Gentlemen, the health of the Secretary of the Interior.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN W. NOBLE.

Secretary of the Interior.

As Mr. Noble rose he was loudly cheered. When silence was restored he said :

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :

It is indeed a distinguished and pleasing honor to be your

guest to-night. This I attribute rather to my office than myself, and in no small degree to my association with the Postmaster-General. To-day, in company with the President and your distinguished fellow-citizen, I have looked upon one of the most significant tributes that our country now or in the coming years can pay to the memory of Ulysses S. Grant. [Applause.] I come from where was this great man's home in the days of his poverty and toil; and I fully realize the contrast between his prospects then and the fame and esteem that the American people now give his name and in which they hold his memory. [Applause.]

When to-day in the City of New York her vast commercial marts were all closed, and hundreds of thousands of men and women assembled on the side of the river with uncovered heads, to lay the corner-stone of the tomb of Grant, we recognize there was something in the character of the man that in a momentous period of our national life united him deeply and everlastingly with the spirit of our people. [Applause.]

What was the source of this?

I have been in the log cabin that Grant reared near St. Louis. It was such as our forefathers built when they were first mastering the wilderness of this vast continent. The logs that composed the fabric were hewn by his own hand, and the structure was erected in a queer old western fashion, at what is called "a raising." I have conversed with one now living,* who in those days was a man of considerable possessions and was one of those present at that gathering of the neighbors. He had a mill, and he has told me of the days when Captain Grant came with his grain upon his horse, with Nellie, his daughter, seated behind him, and waited until the grain was ground and then took he meal home in the evening to his own fireside. [Applause.]

* Henry C. Wright, of St. Louis.

I have heard the stories of those men who saw him cutting what he called "props" from the oak, or "black jack," on his farm, of sufficient strength to keep asunder the sides of the mine and taking them to the coal mines near St. Louis to sell for five dollars a load, and then riding home in his empty wagon, with the proceeds of his labor. [Applause]. An incident occurred in his life (witnesses of which have told it to me) worthy of note as indicative of his character. At the corner of the roads near Grant's home where there was a blacksmith-shop, some of his neighbors were assembled and the Captain came by, after he had sold his load. They were discussing the misfortunes of another neighbor, a German, who the night before had lost his all in a conflagration that consumed his home, destroyed his furniture and all his cooking utensils and left him and his wife and children without shelter and without means. The question was what were they to do? Grant, coming along in his empty wagon, heard the story; and he said: "I know that man—he is a good man. I have five dollars, the proceeds of my load, give it to him. It is all I have—I wish I had more to give." [Applause.]

There is unveiled on Twelfth street, in St. Louis, a statue of Grant as he stood on the battle-field, and it is not far distant from the spot where he had sold cord-wood cut with his own hand.

It is asked, why it is our people turn out in countless multitudes from all quarters of the City of New York when his funeral procession goes by; or when the corner-stone of his mausoleum is laid, or why his birthday is celebrated in many great cities, as here to-night; I reply it was because they recognize he was a man in sympathy with the people, and loved the Government because it was the best that people could have—a free constitutional government.

When the war broke out and the question was whether labor such as he had performed was to be dignified or degraded,

Grant, impelled by self-respect, elevated by his manly nature and taught by severe experience, declared for free labor and the equality of all men before the law. He entered the Union Army because in that organized force was the power to maintain these principles and there was a necessity for its immediate use. He became first a mustering officer, then a colonel, by the friendship of Washburne and by the more distinguished favor of the Governor of Illinois. But he spoke and wrote as a man as well as served as a soldier. Among the first letters he then penned, was one to a relative saying to him with an emphasis few men in the Republic of that day used, in substance: "It is inevitable that this war must lead to the extinguishment of slavery, and it is high time that if you value such property as you have you get rid of it, for believe me, there will be no result other than that of the destruction of all value in it."

He was not a man of pretentious superiority: he was great and self-reliant; but he was of the utmost simplicity in thought and method.

In his memoirs he narrates, you remember, that he was doubtful of his capacity to handle his command in the presence of the enemy then behind the hill. What should he do when they met? His heart was full, his mind was troubled, but as he ascended the hill, he found that the enemy's camp was deserted and he was the possessor of the field, and he says he found that the enemy was more afraid than he was. [Applause.] That lesson he carried on through the war, and the first exercise of it was at Donelson. He had determined that if a man of aggressive force was met by a counter force, he must be still more aggressive in the contest. The battle had lasted for some time and after a bitter fight both sides rested; Grant said whoever first began the fight anew would win, and he immediately gave the order for firing and the advance. The result was that the

rebels were beaten and made the unconditional surrender of the fort. But as has been said here to-night, when these successes were secured, it was not for Grant; he did not consider that the victory was for him, but he deemed it was for his country, it was for the plain people, and the principles that would succor them and save free institutions. His heart all the time went out not only to the soldiers of the North that were supporting him, but to the whole people of our country, that they might be gathered under the wings and the brooding care of the Republic.

Subsequently, after the great battle of Shiloh, the victory at Vicksburg, Mission Ridge, and other great strategic combinations—victories we are so proud to celebrate—he came to the culminating period of his military career. Riding by night and riding by day, in a blouse, without military marks of rank, everlastingly moving by his left flank against Lee, who had to meet him constantly at some new point more dangerous to Richmond. Lee, who has been eulogized by many whose testimony has in it all the force of all his own admirers, after the battle of the Wilderness had been visited by the commanders of his different military corps. The battle there had been bloody and the Union forces not having gained any signal success it was anticipated that there would be again, as under previous generals, a retreat upon Washington. But while these Confederate warriors were gathered around their Chief, an aid-de-camp rode in and said, “The enemy (that is Grant) is moving by his left flank towards Richmond!” Lee arose and said to his men, “To your posts, the order is to move by our right flank. The Union Army has at last found a General.” [Applause.]

At last Grant came to Appomattox and the closing scene. In the presence of Lee, with his own hand, on a piece of paper no greater than that (holding up a menu about ten inches square) he wrote the terms of capitulation. You have seen the

fac simile in his memoirs. A remarkable paper in military history. Written by a general in command of the greatest forces the world has ever seen, without an adjutant-general or other assistant. Fixing the destiny not only of the hundreds of thousands of the capitulating forces, but of a whole nation. As Grant looked up he saw that General Lee had on his sword and full insignia of rank in anticipation that there would be performed one of those dramatic scenes on the theatre of war, of the surrender of one great general of his sword to the other and greater one. But Grant was not fighting for Grant, he was not fighting for theatrical effect, he had been fighting for the people, and had labored all these years to preserve the Union: and as he looked up and saw that sword, he wrote: "The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. *This will not embrace the side-arms of officers, nor their private horses or baggage.*" [Applause.]

After that, and after the terms of that great capitulation were made, the southern army was to disband. The question arose as to what was to be done with the horses that the enlisted men had been riding. They were not included within the strict terms of this capitulation, but the General said, with the memory of the days when on his own farm he had plowed the soil, where he had cut wood, "Let them take their horses with them, they will need them for the Spring plowing." [Applause.]

When President of these United States, as was mentioned by my eloquent friend, the Postmaster-general, and as the Senator from Vermont expressed it, he was as practical a man as has ever filled that station. He filled it with honor and most distinguished ability. Afterwards he took that memorable journey around the world. This former farmer, this former hewer of wood and drawer of water, in the great Republic that gives any man a chance to rise to the highest place, visited the far distant

regions of the earth and the islands of the sea, an invited and most welcome guest. Monarchs and nations uncovered in his presence and bowed before the greatness of the man. [Applause.] He was feasted at Windsor Castle by the Queen; who I am proud to say, in all the dark hours of our war for the Union,—whatever her Ministers may have intended—was the friend of freedom. [Applause.] It was she who said, when they wanted her to declare that the Southern States were entitled to the rights of an independent nation, “As I understand it, they are fighting for slavery, and the North is fighting for freedom. I will approve no such order.” [Applause.]

He returned to Liverpool, you remember, after his reception at Windsor Castle, and there many thousands of workingmen came to visit him and pay their respects. To them he said, in the simplicity of his character and the grandeur of his nature, that it was the most interesting visit and the most grateful honor that he had received since he had left his native land.

He came back. He was a man among us after that. He undertook to assume the cares of daily life once more, not thinking but that on any field integrity and labor and courage would succeed. He did not calculate upon the dispositions of others. Let me narrate an episode connecting the life of the great man more directly with yourselves. The citizens of Philadelphia during the war had honored him. You endeavored to put into his possession some recognition of the sacrifices he had made. Let me read a letter that was sent by him to Mr. Knight at the time. It is in his own hand:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

City Point, Va., January 4, 1865.

MESSRS. GEO. H. STUART, A. E. BORIE, WM. C. KENT, E. C. KNIGHT, DAVIS
PEARSON, GEO. W. WHITNEY and JAS. GRAHAM, Committee.

GENTLEMEN:—Through you the loyal citizens of Philadelphia have seen fit to present me with house and lot and furniture in your beautiful City. The

letter notifying me of this is just received. It is with feelings of gratitude that I accept this substantial testimonial of the esteem of your loyal citizens. Gratitude, because it is evidence of a deep-set determination on the part of a large number of citizens that this War shall go on until the Union is restored. [Applause.] Pride that my humble efforts in so great a cause should attract such a token from a city of strangers to me.

I will not predict a day when we will have peace again, with a Union restored. But that that day will come is as sure as the rising of to-morrow's sun. I have never doubted this in the darkest days of this dark and terrible rebellion.

Until this happy day of peace does come, my family will occupy and enjoy your magnificent present. But until that I do not expect nor desire to see much of the enjoyments of a home fireside.

I have the honor to be with great respect,

Your ob't serv't,

U. S. GRANT, Lt. Gen. U. S. A.

Your munificence bestowed on him other gifts, and here is a letter from him in his own handwriting.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

Washington, January 26, 1867.

DEAR SIR:

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of the Policies of insurance on my Phil. house which you have been kind enough to present me with.

The kindness of the Philadelphia public as well as the individual kindness of the Insurance Companies represented by you, will be ever remembered by me most gratefully.

Please present my thanks to the Pennsylvania, Delaware Mutual and North American Insurance Companies for their favor.

With great respect, your ob't s'v't,

U. S. GRANT, General.

To E. C. KNIGHT, Esq., Phila., Pa.

This property was worth, as I am told by Mr. Knight, now by my side, \$52,000. The man to whom that was given was a man who had earned his living as we have seen: an American who never knew what it was to owe a debt that he could not pay. That honored man had commanded the forces of the whole Republic, but in the integrity of his heart and the utter simplicity

of his nature he had gone into the depths and dangers of Wall Street and established a banking company, in which he was more or less responsible. Having seen so many men face the cannon's mouth for the love of man, he continued to believe that all men were true. He was deceived. He lost all, became in debt, and for his honor be it known that he began to sell all that he had in order to pay his debts. Your sacred gift was given for his country's honor and his reputation, that was hers. [Applause.]

But even a sadder hour came on. Sickness and disease assailed him, and death with relentless power advanced upon him, closer and closer day after day. Still he felt that the work upon which he had entered would not be completely achieved unless these States were united, and fellow-feeling and friendship restored among all our people. From the sympathy extended to him in these long hours of trial, by the South as well as the North, he gained the hope that the wounds of war were being closed. He began in these days and finished amid these emotions his "Memoirs." In his dying hours, by this work wrought out amid physical anguish and in the presence of death, he did as much by his pen to re-establish love for our institutions as in the day of battle he had accomplished by his sword in maintaining the flag. All our people throughout the whole land alike mourned his death.

There was a scene I witnessed symbolical of this result. At that time I was in the City of New York, as a citizen of St. Louis, upon the committee from that community that was to do honor in the funeral procession of Gen. Grant. The long procession was already moving up Fifth Avenue, the slow throbbing of the muffled drum was heard, scarcely audible. In the hall of the hotel at the parlor door is a canopy of velvet curtains. While waiting in the hall for the catafalque that bore the remains of Grant to his resting place on Riverside, I saw sud-

denly appear at the door a gallant officer in full dress, with all his military insignia. It was William T. Sherman, the commander of the army of the United States. The full exponent of the power of the Republic to preserve its own existence, as he and Grant had shown it could do. And as he stood beneath this door another figure came from the opposite side. A military man, too, of slighter stature, dressed in citizen's clothes, with no badges of authority. He took the hand of Sherman. It was the ex-Confederate general, Joe Johnston. And then, as the time had arrived, Johnston took the arm of Sherman and they moved down the hall, entered the carriage and followed the body of Grant to Riverside, doing equal honor to the man that had saved the Union. [Applause.]

There followed in that line many a regiment from the North, whose glories have here to-night been eulogized; and from the South, from the old Confederate Army, with flags draped and furled, recognizing the condition of things that had been brought about by this great chieftain all were honoring. The masses of the people of every condition in life and of every shade in political sentiment, filled the avenues and crowded the highest buildings from base to roof, all with sad and appreciative hearts.

Gentlemen, may it not now be said upon these proofs that the element in that man's character elevating him as a military man and as a civil magistrate was born in the hours when he was in experience, condition of life and sympathy one of the plain people; loving his wife and children in purity and trust; supported by his own industry, bestowing his small means for charity and living the courageous life of a whole-souled man—a patriotic American. Now or through the coming ages there is and will be no monument of granite or gold that can increase the love and honor for Grant, as it rests and will remain in the hearts of our people, who recognize in him not only the great soldier but the great man. [Applause.]

"A Memory of Grant."

THE CHAIRMAN:—The distinguished gentleman who has just spoken recalled with graceful eloquence the part taken by patriotic Philadelphians in providing in this city at the close of the war a home for General Grant. By a felicitous coincidence, in which we all rejoice, there sits by the side of Secretary Noble the eminent Philadelphian to whose effective sympathy Grant owed the grateful courtesy which made him for a time our fellow-townsmen. It was not my purpose to call on Mr. Knight. [General cheering.] He put me under bonds early in the evening to respect his reserve. I am sure, however, that after what Mr. Noble has said he will add as it were a word of peroration to the Secretary's address. Gentlemen, I speak what is in all your minds, for no one in this citizenship is more dear to us than this venerable man—the health of Mr. Knight,—health and happiness and honor.

Mr. Knight arose amid universal cheering, the company standing as they drank his health. When silence was restored he said :

SPEECH OF EDWARD C. KNIGHT.

Gentlemen: I do not know why I should be called upon by my friend, our Chairman, to make a few remarks after the many eloquent and most interesting speeches we have heard. But as your President puts his commands upon me to be historian, I will say a gentleman with whose father I once went to school in New Jersey called at my office one day toward the close of the war, and said that Mrs. General Grant was coming to Philadelphia, and wanted to rent a house. I said: "If that is the case I think we ought to give her a home." I met in the street my loved and honored friend, Adolph Borie. [Great applause.] I am pleased with that applause, gentlemen, for the name of Adolph Borie is one that

should never be mentioned in this Union League but with veneration. Mr. Borie said at once, with his accustomed promptitude and the enthusiasm, so characteristic of him, and his passionate love for the country and for all soldiers who had put their lives in peril to save the country: "I will subscribe one thousand dollars, and I will put down another thousand for Pratt McKean, who is in Paris." I said I would put down the same amount. This was before Mr. Borie came to know General Grant, although there grew up between them the most devoted and beautiful affection and friendship I have ever seen between two public men. We got up a list and purchased a house for the General around on Chestnut street, which cost \$52,000. The details of that transaction have been explained to you by the Secretary of the Interior. General Grant remained in this house for a short time until public duties called him to Washington. We were all sorry that he never resumed his citizenship with us, and I am told that he himself, later in life, regretted it. Somehow I always felt that Grant belonged to Philadelphia, where his best friends resided. I will say no more upon that subject. What I have said has been as the Chairman suggests, and as a brief complement to the admirable address of the Secretary of the Interior. After General Grant was elected President of the United States I said to him: "I have a favor to ask of you, General; it is not for an appointment. I would like very much to have your portrait. Will you sit for me, and have your portrait taken the next time you are in Philadelphia?" He agreed to do so. I engaged Waln, the artist, who was near the Continental, where the General stopped when in the city. This picture is here to-night, as it was on the occasion of the last banquet. Now, about this hauling wood in St. Louis. Mr. Waln, one day when I was present, was painting this portrait, and noticed a little scar on

Grant's cheek. He said: "General, I suppose you got that in the army." General Grant said: "No; I got it in St. Louis. A stick of wood falling from the wagon struck me in the cheek." You can see the scar now. [Mr. Knight pointed to the portrait amid general laughter and applause.] I do not know that I can say any more. Your welcome is very gratifying. You are very good to me, and I tender you my warm thanks. In nothing do I rejoice so much as in this tendency of the Union League to honor our great men—especially such as Lincoln and Grant—men after my own heart, called up, as I reverently believe, by Almighty God to save the country, and with whom the country is safe. I could add to these names many others. But I will mention that of Benjamin Harrison. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, I know Benjamin Harrison well. He is of the Lincoln and Grant stamp, and with such a man in charge of the state we cannot go wrong. [Applause.] I am now an old man, and I cannot hope to attend as many of these banquets as when, nearly thirty years ago I was proud to enroll my name among the earliest members of this Union League. What I say, therefore, is said to the young men—to those who come after us in the League, and carry the torch as we pass it to them. Let them never cease to honor as great and good a man as Grant, and take from his life the lesson upon which depends the permanence of the Union, namely, that we owe everything to our country, and can only repay the debt by patriotism and self-sacrifice. [General cheering.]

"The Heroes of the South."

THE CHAIRMAN:—I am now about to offer the last sentiment of the evening, and in doing so I must express my thanks to the gentleman who will respond for the cheerful patience with which he has, even to this late hour, kept his promise that he would

relieve me of the embarrassment occasioned by the departure of Mr. Watterson, and make the concluding speech. Gentlemen, John S. Wise is no stranger to the Union League. [Cheers.] We honor his character and achievements; we rejoice in his sunny, sparkling ways, which give his companionship so rare a charm, and we are never weary of his splendid eloquence. [Applause.] He is with us in special trust. We have on the walls of the League the features of his illustrious namesake; of one whose name will be venerated while Philadelphia cherishes the patriotism of the early days—John Sergeant. [Cheers.] We might see on the walls of Virginia's capitol the features of another ancestor—the stern, intrepid Governor of Virginia—whose hand stayed the mad sway of religious fanaticism. The North claims Sergeant; Virginia has no prouder name than that of Henry A. Wise. North and South are, therefore, to-night united in the person of our guest, recalling the legend of Prescott, the historian, over whose library door were crossed two muskets—one borne by a Tory ancestor, and the other by an ancestor under Washington as they fought at Bunker Hill. Mr. Wise gave the fervor of his youth to the Confederacy; he gives the wisdom of his manhood to the Union. As representing what was best, alike in Pennsylvania and Virginia, he will respond to a toast, which will ever be drank in the League with the respect due to self-denial and valor. I give you “THE HEROES OF THE SOUTH,”—[Loud applause] -- a heroism that belongs to American history, and which can never be forgotten while we honor and value American manhood.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN S. WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. Wise was received with loud and long-continued cheers as he arose. He said :—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :

I came here to celebrate the 70th anniversary of the birth of

General Grant, but I fear we are getting along very rapidly towards the 71st [Laughter— It was after midnight].

This demand that I respond for "the South" reminds me of the College debate where we discussed "Which was most responsible for killing the pig? The knife that slew him, or the grindstone that sharpened it?"

I think I am here somewhat in the character of the grindstone, for unless Grant had had us to sharpen up on there would have been no Grant [Laughter].

Surely no Southerner would take more pleasure than I do in honoring the memory of General Grant, and no place could be more congenial than the City of Philadelphia [Applause].

About your good city cluster many of the tenderest feelings of my heart.

I have, at home, a letter dated Philadelphia, Jany 10th, 1777, written by my great-grandfather to his wife. He was then a Captain in the Virginia line on Continental establishment, marching to join the Army of Washington, and afterwards took part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. Another letter bearing date Philadelphia, Dec. 4th, 1798, from his daughter, my grandmother, then a school girl, was written within a stone's throw of this spot. It tells of Philadelphia hospitality and social life, in a way that would surely interest you. There were my Virginia kinsfolk of a hundred years ago identified with the City of Brotherly Love, and my father was named after *Alexander Fullerton* of Philadelphia. My mother too was a Philadelphian, daughter of the John Sergeant whose portrait adorns your walls, and much of my childhood was passed among this noble people [Applause].

My experiences here, at the close of the war were rather unique. I escaped the surrender of General Lee by being the bearer of despatches from him to Mr. Davis. Hearing of Lee's

surrender I journeyed southward and joined Johnston's Army, surrendering with it at Jamestown, and being temporarily out of employment, my military ventures having somewhat miscarried, I came at once to Philadelphia, took up my domicile at the house of General Meade, who married my mother's sister, foraged on the enemy, and reviewed from time to time, the returning Armies of the Union [Laughter and Applause].

Thus, in about two months, I had been in two Confederate and one Union Armies, and you will understand by that circumstance that I am not sectional or partizan in the views I entertain as to the events then transpiring. [Laughter].

You must pardon all this. I have no speech prepared. Mr. Young when he invited me, promised me faithfully he would not call upon me. I am merely a post-prandial bushwhacker.

Dropping this view of personal reminiscence, and bearing in mind the lateness of the hour, let me say as a very humble representative of the Confederate soldier, that, in my judgment, the time has come, and a sufficient period has elapsed for the subsidence of passion, for people on both sides to realize much that they could not appreciate when inflamed by the angry passions of war. I think we may now philosophize somewhat as to the causes and the results of the great struggle which made Grant famous [Applause].

As nothing came out as I expected it would I sometimes amuse myself by thinking of what might have happened [Laughter].

In the first place did it ever occur to you that any man who was on either side in that struggle might easily have been upon the other side? [Laughter and Applause].

That sounds absurd but it is not. Think how many Northern men were South and how many Southern men were North, merely through force of the accidental circumstances surround

ing them at the outbreak of hostilities [Laughter]. Robert E. Lee and George H. Thomas, were Lieut. Col. and Major respectively, of the same Regiment. Both considered long and patiently which side they would take, and where their duty lay. On every theory of probabilities Lee was the man who would remain with the United States Army, and Thomas would go South. By every tradition Lee was a Federalist. The fame of his family had been earned in building up and sustaining the glory of the Union, for which his own blood had been shed in Mexico. He was the pet of General Scott, Commander in Chief of the Union Armies, and no favorite of Davis, or Bragg or Hardee the leaders of the Confederacy. Above all he was identified in every way with the feelings of that closest of all corporations in America, West Point, and had been taught to yield first allegiance to the Union. Thomas remained in the North. Lee went South. There was no telling, at that time, on which side men would fetch up. Pemberton and Lovell, both Northern men, cast their fortunes with the South.

Within three weeks of the actual outbreak of hostilities one of those who afterwards became famous as a Federal commander was so earnest in his advocacy of the Southern view, that Southerners expected him to join them. I refer to that great, true, staunch Union Soldier, John A. Logan [Applause].

Did it ever occur to you that if Lee had decided differently, if he had remained in the North, if General Scott had given him command of the Union Army as he probably would have done, the war would have been ended so quickly that General Grant would never have had the opportunity to display his greatness?

I honestly believe such would have been the case if Lee had not gone South. I believe that backed by the power and complete equipment the Union would have given him, General Lee would have wiped the Armies of the Confederacy off the face of

the earth before the date of Vicksburg and Chattanooga. It is no disparagement of Grant to suggest these possibilities. They never occurred. His opportunity did come, and everybody, friend and foe alike, knows how he availed himself of them and proved his greatness [Applause].

But we are merely talking about what might have been. It does no harm, and costs nothing [Laughter].

It was not so. Poor old Virginia ! Virginia who had done so much to create, to establish, to perpetuate, the Union. Virginia who had produced George Washington the father of the Union, and John Marshall the great expounder of the Constitution. Virginia whose illustrious Scott was at that moment Commander in Chief of the Federal Armies. Virginia, linked not only by history and every tradition, but by ties of blood and intermarriage, by daily social and business intercourse, with States like Pennsylvania. Virginia who had earned the title of Mother of States and Statesmen by the territory she had given, and the sons she had produced and whose lives had been dedicated to the cause of the Union. She too was called upon to decide, and cast her lot with the South. Men like Lee, followed her, just as the child who questions not the wisdom of a mother, obeys her commands though they be against judgment or inclination.

There is doubtless still something irritating to the northern mind, in the clamor of states like Louisiana and Florida at that time. States that had been redeemed from vassalage to foreign despotism, and bought by the money of the federal Union, clamoring for their "reserved rights;" but Virginia occupied no such position. She was placed in a trying and difficult situation, with many considerations swaying her to and fro. She was slow to act, and fully conscious of how much the step involved to herself and to others. In time to come men may wonder why

she did at last resolve upon the effort to secede, but the deliberation and reluctance of her steps, the great sacrifices she made, the glorious part she bore, the sad fate which awaited her, will through all time curb and repress the feeling of bitterness or resentment towards Virginia. The wisdom of her decision may be questioned, her honesty, and the honesty of her sons who followed her, are, I hope and believe, above all question.

One thing is certain. If she had not decided to secede, there would not have been any war of secession worth talking about. [Applause.]

Now let us do a little more supposing. Suppose the Southern Confederacy had succeeded, what would have been the result?

Well, of course, we Southern people would not have had to explain so carefully and so frequently why it was we did not succeed [Laughter]. It would have spared us a great deal of wounded pride. Still, I think we have enough left yet for all reasonable purposes [Laughter].

Outside of these what would have happened. Our first duty would have been to endeavor to discover how much paper money we had issued. God alone knows how much that was. I doubt if we would have finished counting it to this day [Laughter]. Inevitable bankruptcy and repudiation awaited Confederate success.

We could hope for no extended system of railroads. The institution of slavery, which would of course have been perpetuated, was opposed to any such freedom of intercourse. Except at two or three seaports there would have been no chance of large cities. Slavery does not encourage large cities. Manufactures, bringing great bodies of free laborers would have been equally out of the question, and the Southern free trade doctrines would have prevented their introduction. England would have supplied all our manufactured articles and foreign ships would have transported

all our agricultural products. Agriculture would have been the chief employment. The Southern Planters would have confined themselves to Sugar and Cotton. The factors of the cities, would, as of old, have advanced even the bacon to feed the slaves, and owned the crops before they were gathered. One half the young men would have been in the standing armies necessary to protect our long line of frontier and prevent the escape of the slaves, the other half would have been engaged in agriculture pure and simple, or in the professions. Taxation, continuous, heavy, grinding and insupportable would have dispelled the glorious dreams of Southern Independence, and long before now the Confederacy would have come to an end.

Under pressure of these conditions the extreme Southern States would have made the effort to re-open the Slave trade as a means of relief. To this Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri would never have consented. If the movement had been pressed to success they would have seceded. If it failed the far South States would have seceded. Anybody could secede under the Confederate theory. And one by one, before now, all the old so-called border States would have patched up terms with their Northern brethren and have been back in the Union playing Yankee Doodle with all their might and feeling very comfortable at getting back by the fireside in the old Homestead of our fathers; and as they came, the same bright eyes and generous hearts that greet me here to-night, would have rejoiced and wept tears of joy that the Union of our fathers was preserved and that one flag floated over all the people of our land. [Applause.]

Such, fellow-citizens, is the way it might have happened, and, in my judgment, would have happened, if it had not happened as it did. Something greater and more powerful than the will of man presided over the destiny of this nation and preserved its unity.

In the mysterious Providence of God that Unity has been preserved and established in a different and more direct way than that way which I have suggested as a possibility.

To the supreme result we have marched by a route infinitely more radical, filled with a million corpses, and strewn with wasted treasure. Along the way are seen the wrecks of many hopes, the destruction of many old things, the ruins of many ambitions, the abandoned skeletons of dead faiths and superstitions; but at the end is seen a happier, freer and more united Nation than could have been hoped for had the struggle been less fierce, or the sacrifices less complete.

I cannot speak for any other human being but myself when I say, that, although on the losing side in the great fratricidal strife, when I behold how thoroughly it settled all vexed questions, when I realize how fresh and fair and pure the future opens up to every portion of the land, I accept the results without one single regret. I believe the reward is worth every sacrifice of blood and treasure and that all has happened for the best. [Applause.]

I say this without for one instant forgetting the valor and constancy of my Confederate Comrades pursuing the right as they saw it. They were no seers. God forgive me if in aught I say, I seem to question the sincerity of their lives and deaths. How could they have lived and died so gloriously unless under the deep conviction that they were right.

Grant appreciated this as few others did, and testified to it in every manly way.

It is that which makes every true Confederate Soldier venerate Grant's memory and hold his fame next to that of his own Commander. The Confederate soldier has come to know Grant as the conscientious, brave, pertinacious upholder of the Union cause, who, fighting to the death for his convictions, was free

from all bitterness, and who, when his point had been fully carried, was anxious to forgive and to forget, and to build anew the fabric of fraternal love, without one reminiscent taunt or reproach [Applause].

I heard the distinguished Secretary of the Interior speak of Grant as he knew him in his youth. Like him, when I was a boy I knew Grant. But we made his acquaintance in different ways. I first heard his drums beat in the early morning as his interesting army lay in the mists that hung about the beleaguered lines of Petersburg. We believed him to be a mere military butcher, so recklessly bent on carnage that we even hoped his own troops would turn against him for their remorseless slaughter.

I have seen his legions move forward to our assault. I have seen them repulsed, and again have fled before them. He is my old and honored friend, our dearest foe. While war was flagrant we did not fully understand him. It was not until we surrendered to him that we realized how much of noble magnanimity and generosity was mingled with the stern, bloody pluck which crowned him Victor.

It was a genuine surprise to his old foemen, when, almost before they had completed their surrender to him, he seemed more anxious to feed his prisoners from the rations of his own men than he was to secure his captives.

When we expected harsh orders we heard the command that we retain our horses and our side-arms.

When civil prosecutions of our officers were attempted it was our old foe Grant who stood in the breach and demanded that his parole be respected.

When the triumphal armies of the Union entered our deserted Capital he refused to taunt his old and honored foemen with a Roman triumph.

And so as the years rolled by the Confederate soldier in his

poverty, learned to draw near to Grant as his friend, in full assurance that whoever else should chide him for his past there was one great generous heart who held the grimy Johnny Reb as second only to his own brave boys in blue, in right to claim his loving care and tenderness.

Thus it is, Mr. Chairman, that I, not as a citizen of the dead Confederacy, or with any lurking regret as to its fate, but as a true and loyal and loving citizen of the United States of America claim share in this demonstration with privilege of doing honor to myself and to my people, in honoring the memory of Grant. [Applause.]

We have the happiest, the freest, the best Nation, that the sun shines upon in his course.

None love it more. None are truer in their allegiance. None more honestly earnest in the hope that it shall be united for all time to come—than the men from whose opposed ranks Grant carved his noble fame, the soldiers of the dead Confederacy. [Loud and long continued applause.]

“Good Night.”

THE CHAIRMAN :—And now, gentlemen, the hour is late, and our feast is done! On behalf of the Committee I thank you for having been of our company. I especially thank those guests who have come so far, and taken so much pains to be with us. And as I say the final word—Good Night!—let it be our one thought and hope that for many and many a year we may all assemble on this memorable anniversary to celebrate the illustrious and undying memory of Grant, the captain of our armies and the saviour of our Union. [CHEERS.]

The company then adjourned.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters and telegrams are among many received by the Committee on Invitation :

[From Mrs. U. S. Grant, by telegram.]

NEW YORK, April 27th, 1892.

To the Chairman Union League of Philadelphia:—Mrs. Grant gratefully acknowledges the congratulations and honor paid to the memory of General Grant.

[From Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes.]

FREMONT, O., March 25th, 1892.

I beg you to receive my special thanks for your kind note and the invitation to attend the banquet at the Union League in commemoration of the birthday of General Grant. How his name and fame grow as the years pass! The estimate of his character and of his work steadily gains.

Your commemoration will no doubt be worthy of the purpose, and I regret extremely that I cannot be present.

With all good wishes, sincerely,

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

[From Vice-President L. P. Morton.]

WASHINGTON, March 16th, 1892.

Many thanks for the invitation to attend the banquet in commemoration of the birthday of General Grant and the friendly expressions in your personal note, which are cordially reciprocated. I hope I may be able to avail myself of the proffered hospitality, but I can hardly make a positive engagement at this time.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

L. P. MORTON.

[From Hon. Whitelaw Reid, Ex-Minister to France.]

Mr. Reid sincerely regrets that a previous engagement for the evening of Wednesday, April 27th, prevents him from accepting the polite invitation to the banquet to be given by the citizens of Philadelphia at the Union League Club in commemoration of the birthday of General Grant.

[From Governor R. E. Pattison.]

HARRISBURG, April 5th, 1892.

I will be present on the 27th and join with the citizens of Philadelphia in honoring the memory of him we all love and delight to honor. Please accept my thanks for the invitation and also for the cordial note expressing the desire of the committee.

Yours truly, ROBERT E. PATTISON.

[From Hamilton Fish, Ex-Secretary of State.]

NEW YORK, April 8th, 1892.

I need not say to you how cordially I desire to unite in the commemoration of General Grant's birth-day, to which your Committee has tendered me an invitation. But the condition of my health is such as to forbid the acceptance of the invitation.

I am very respectfully yours, HAMILTON FISH.

[From Gen. J. M. Schofield, commanding U. S. Army.]

WASHINGTON, March 24, 1892.

Please accept for yourself and other members of your Committee my sincere thanks for your kind invitation to attend the banquet to be given by citizens of Philadelphia at the Union League on Wednesday, April 27th, in commemoration of the birthday of General Ulysses S. Grant.

It will afford me the greatest pleasure to accept this invitation, if I find it practicable to do so, and I beg your indulgence for a short time to enable me to decide whether that may be done, as it will depend largely upon the decision of the President in respect to his action on that memorable day.

With great respect I am sincerely yours,

J. M. SCHOFIELD.

[From James Longstreet, General of the Confederate Army.]

GAINESVILLE, Georgia, April 21st, 1892.

Your interesting letter of the 4th instant, inclosing an invitation to the Dinner to be given on the 27th instant, honoring the birth of General Ulysses S. Grant, came during my absence, and has remained with my unopened mail till my return yesterday. Nothing could give me greater

pleasure than to be with you on that interesting occasion, if it were possible to so arrange my affairs. Besides the pleasure of the occasion, the honor of commemorating the day of the illustrious Chief would be very gratifying. Please accept my regrets and thanks for your kind attentions, and the generous feeling of your association. I am with high respect, your most obedient servant,

JAMES LONGSTREET.

[From the Chief Justice.]

WASHINGTON, March 28th, 1892.

The Chief Justice of the United States begs to acknowledge the invitation to attend the banquet to be given by citizens of Philadelphia at the Union League Club, Wednesday, April 27th, at seven o'clock, in commemoration of the birthday of General Ulysses S. Grant, and to express his regrets that official engagements here will prevent its acceptance.

[From Frederick D. Grant, Minister to Austria.]

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
Vienna, April 13th, 1892.

I write to express my great thanks for the kind invitation which I have received to attend the dinner to be given on the 27th of this month by the Union League Club in commemoration of the birthday of General Grant.

I regret very much that absence from our country prevents my accepting this invitation, and that I cannot be with you upon an occasion which would be of such deep interest to me. I beg you to convey to the members of the Union League Club my expressions of heartfelt appreciation of the honor they continue to pay to the memory of my dear father, who, during his life, was ever their warm and devoted friend.

With the grateful thanks and warmest regards of his son, to each and every member of the Union League Club, I remain, my dear Mr. Young, most sincerely
Your friend, FREDERICK D. GRANT.

[From Charles Foster, Secretary of the Treasury.]

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Washington, April 9th, 1892.

I am directed by Secretary Foster to express his sincere regret at not being able to accept your invitation to attend the banquet in Philadelphia in commemoration of the birthday of General Grant. The Secretary has already accepted an invitation to attend a similar celebration in New York on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Grant Monument there on that date.

Very respectfully yours,

B. J. WYNNE, Private Secretary.

[From B. F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy.]

WASHINGTON, March 26, 1892.

Mr. B. F. Tracy regrets that having accepted an invitation in Brooklyn for the evening of April 27th, he will be unable to attend the banquet to be given by citizens of Philadelphia at Union League Club on that date.

[From W. H. H. Miller, Attorney-General.]

April 11th, 1892.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation of the Union League Club of Philadelphia for the banquet on the Seventieth anniversary of the birth of General Grant. I would be very glad to accept this invitation, but find that my other engagements will prevent my coming to Philadelphia at that time. With thanks for this courtesy I am sincerely yours.

W. H. H. MILLER.

[From J. M. Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8th, 1892.

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to attend the banquet to be given by citizens of Philadelphia at the Union League, April 27th, in commemoration of the birthday of General Ulysses S. Grant. I regret to say that an engagement elsewhere on that day will make it impossible for me to accept.

Very respectfully,

J. M. RUSK.

[From Ex-Senator Geo. F. Edmunds.]

AIKEN, S. C., March 22, 1892.

Yours of 10th, with invitation to the Union League Banquet on the 27th of April, in honor of President Grant's birthday, came three days ago. I have delayed a reply to see if I could manage to be present. I think I can. We expect to go to N. Y. about the 15th or 20th of April, and make that our headquarters till we sail for Genoa on May 7th. I had expected to go to Vermont on the 28th to see as to my place, etc., there, but I can, I am sure, postpone for a day or two, for the sake of making such contribution as I may to the occasion. We expect to be at the Victoria Hotel, 27th Street and Broadway. You are all very kind to think of me in connection with the affair.

Very truly yours,

GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

[From the Minister of China.]

CHINESE LEGATION,

Washington, April 19th, 1892.

Having accepted the kind invitation to attend the banquet to be given by the citizens of Philadelphia at the Union League, Wednesday, April

27th, at 7 o'clock, I had fully intended to do so, with the delightful anticipation of meeting you again and the prominent gentlemen who may be present at the banquet. But I find now that the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of General Ulysses S. Grant Monument in New York will take place in the afternoon of the same day. As I have to be present at both places, I will start on a night train for New York to get there in the morning, and will endeavor to leave there for your city as soon as the ceremonies are over. If it is not too late I will attend the banquet; however, I will telegraph to you in due time. With renewed assurance of my highest consideration, I am sincerely yours,

TSUI KWO YIN.

[From John P. Jones, Senator from Nevada.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 25th, 1892.

I accepted, with the heartiest satisfaction, the invitation to the Grant Dinner, and it is with the utmost regret that I am, notwithstanding, compelled to forego the pleasure of attendance. Though not confined to my bed—for I have to be very ill before I can submit to that—yet I am anything but well, and feel altogether unequal to making the trip. For that reason I am obliged to throw myself on your indulgence for this occasion, and to express the hope that by reason of this most reluctant absence, which the condition of my health renders imperative, I am not losing but only postponing to a future occasion the opportunity which, did I feel well, I should now most gladly avail myself of.

It is a source of much personal gratification to me that the day you celebrate is coming to be generally commemorated throughout the country. It was my great privilege to know General Grant intimately, and to enjoy his confidence. Those who knew him well will ever bear in their hearts and minds the deep impression of his extraordinary simplicity of character and urbanity of manner.

There is no American whose life has lessons of greater power or value for the coming generations. Nothing could have been more fitting than that the chief soldier of our Republic should have been just such a man as he—in war, strong, silent, prompt, decisive; in peace, gentle, clement and humane; in war and peace equally heroic and magnanimous.

Taking into consideration the nature of our government—remembering that it is a government of the people, by themselves and for themselves—it is manifest that in order that the Republic may accomplish its mission in presenting to the peoples of the earth the highest model of government for man, it must possess the affection and devotion of all its citizens. This being so, it can be regarded as nothing short of an inspiration that possessed him when on the 9th of April, 1865, this great man, in the hour of his consummate triumph, sat down without premeditation, in all the simplicity and modesty of his nature, and wrote out terms of surrender for whose magnanimity the history of warfare presents no parallel. The bitterness of defeat—inevitable and necessary—was not rendered more bitter by personal humiliation. There was no vainglorious vaunting, no word or deed that could leave a sting or could

rankle in the bosoms of the vanquished, as a legacy of hate to be handed down to future generations, to honeycomb with discontent the institutions of the Republic. The pen that wrote those terms of surrender was guided by the hand of Destiny.

The nation saved by Grant and by the true and loyal men whom it was his privilege to lead, is now happily reunited. It bears no enemy within, and fears no enemy without. For more than a quarter of a century it has enjoyed the blessing of peace. Its own citizens will never again meet in fratricidal strife. It seeks no complications with foreign powers. As an enlightened and progressive people, having some knowledge and experience of war, and anxious to avoid its horrors, we shall permit no mere sense of punctilio to precipitate us into a contest of arms. We shall exhaust all honorable means to avoid conflict, but we shall always be able to take care of ourselves against all comers.

We were able to do so when we were not so strong as we now are. "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." It must be the hope of all patriots that the Republic may be permitted to continue its great career undisturbed by wars. But should the time ever unhappily arrive when our people may be called to repel invasion or right some glaring wrong for the redress of which the offices of diplomacy and arbitration may not avail, we cannot wish to find, in whomsoever may then be destined to lead our forces a happier combination of soldierly qualities than are illustrated in the life and early career of Gen. U. S. Grant. The commemoration of his birth may well be considered a patriotic duty.

Wishing you on this occasion a large and brilliant company, which I am sure the occasion will bring together, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN P. JONES.

[From Gen. Horace Porter.]

NEW YORK, March 19th, 1892.

I was away when your very kind letter and invitation to the banquet reached here, or I should have written you sooner. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to join you and help to pay my tribute at your dinner to our departed friend, but I have a duty to perform here which will compel me to remain at New York.

After a pressure had been brought upon me which I could no longer resist, I consented to accept the presidency of the Grant Monument Association, and I am organizing a concerted and, I trust, business-like movement for the purpose of raising the rest of the funds required to build the tomb and save us from the humiliation of any longer witnessing the spectacle of seeing the ashes of so illustrious a man lying in an open city park in a temporary vault.

The first course of the granite structure has already been put under construction and the corner-stone will be laid on the next birthday, April 27th.

I have promised after that to attend a banquet here, and do what I can to arouse enthusiasm in the good cause. I would very much like you and some

of the surviving faithful Philadelphians to think over the matter and see if you can make any suggestions in regard to plans for aiding to increase the funds for completing this patriotic work. About 155,000 dollars was contributed years ago, and 350,000 dollars more required. Thanking you very much for your kind and urgent invitation, I am, with many regrets in not being able to join you this year, Very truly yours,

HORACE PORTER.

[From Geo. S. Boutwell, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury.]

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1892.

No invitation could be more welcome to me than your invitation to attend the banquet to be given by the citizens of Philadelphia the twenty-seventh day of April next, in commemoration of the birthday of General Grant. Barring the accidents that time may bring I shall be with you.

Very truly,

GEO. S. BOUTWELL.

WASHINGTON, April 27, 1892.

To my great regret I was compelled to telegraph you this morning that I could not be in Philadelphia this evening. Many months ago I took a retainer to argue a cause in the Supreme Court, and it now stands the second case on the docket. It is now many years since I have had an opportunity of meeting my former friends in Philadelphia, and I have anticipated much pleasure in renewing my acquaintance with them. To this disappointment is added the disappointment of the failure to join the friends and supporters of General Grant in doing honor to his memory. Very truly,

GEO. S. BOUTWELL.

[From John Sherman, Senator.]

WASHINGTON, March 15th, 1892.

I have received the invitation of your committee to attend the banquet to be given by the citizens of Philadelphia at the Union League in commemoration of the birthday of General Grant. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accept this invitation, not only to meet the members of the Club, but to express my appreciation of the achievements of General Grant. Still I feel that my duties here will not permit me to be absent at the time, but my hearty good wishes and sympathy will be with you.

Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

From Hon. Roger A. Pryor, Justice of the New York Court of Common Pleas.]

NEW YORK, March 15, 1892.

I shall have an unaffected pleasure in availing myself of the opportunity

afforded me by your invitation, to testify my veneration for the character and achievements of General Grant.

Very respectfully,

ROGER A. PRYOR.

[By telegram.]

NEW YORK, April 27, 1892.

Am imperatively detained—have written.

R. A. PRYOR.

[From Ex-Attorney-General Wayne Mac Veagh.]

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1892.

It is now clear I cannot be with you to-morrow night.

Regretfully yours,

WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

[From Ex-Speaker T. B. Reed.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23d, 1892.

Your letter of March 12th ought to have had an earlier answer, but I have been absent from the city for more than a week and consequently was not able to reply.

I think my future movements are so uncertain that it would not be wise for me to engage to be at the dinner, and consequently I shall be obliged to decline your very kind invitation, the honor of which I thoroughly appreciate.

Very truly yours,

T. B. REED.

[From Senator Allison, by telegram.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 26, 1892.

I greatly regret that matters now up in my special charge make it impossible for me to get away to-morrow.

W. B. ALLISON.

[From J. J. Ingalls, by telegram.]

ATCHISON, Kas., April 4th, 1892.

Regret previous engagements prevent acceptance invitation Grant anniversary banquet. Honor very gratefully appreciated.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

[From Henry Watterson, by telegram.]

LOUISVILLE, April 8, 1892.

Kind invitation just received. Accepted with pleasure and thanks.

HENRY WATTERSON.

[From Ex-Postmaster-General Hatton, by telegram.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 25, 1892.

Mr. Wilkins compelled to leave for Tenn. Cannot be with you Wednesday.
Am sorry.

FRANK HATTON.

[From Senator Felton, of California, by telegram.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 27, 1892.

I regret that unexpectedly I am deprived of the pleasure of meeting with you this evening to honor the memory of Gen. U. S. Grant.

C. N. FELTON.

[From Rear-Admiral Dan'l Ammen.]

AMMENDALF, Md., April 20th, 1892.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to the banquet to be given by citizens of Philadelphia at the Union League, in commemoration of the birthday of General Grant on the 27th instant. I beg to return thanks and hope to be present on that occasion.

Very respectfully yours, DAN'L AMMEN, (Rear-Admiral Retired.)

[From John M. Carson.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19, 1892.

I accept with great pleasure the kind invitation of the Committee of which you are Chairman, to be present at the banquet to be given by citizens of Philadelphia, at the Union League, Wednesday, April 27, in commemoration of the birthday of General Ulysses S. Grant. Respectfully,

JOHN M. CARSON.

[From Gen. G. M. Dodge, by telegram.]

DELMONICO'S, New York, April 27th, 1892.

We are having a good time and send you cordial and loving congratulations.

G. M. DODGE.

[By telegram.]

NEW YORK, April 27, 1892.

To the Union League Club, Philadelphia:—We send you greeting on Grant's birthday. We are having a good time, and feel happy over raising two hundred thousand dollars in the last thirty days for the tomb. Nearly a thousand people—among them Mr. George W. Childs—witnessed the laying of the corner-stone by the President to-day.

CHARLES H. T. COLLIS, Delmonico's.

[From Mr. Joseph W. Harper.]

561 FIFTH AVENUE, April 13th.

Mr. Joseph W. Harper regrets that family engagements prevent his acceptance of the invitation with which he has been honored to attend the banquet to be given by the citizens of Philadelphia, at the Union League, on the 27th of April, in commemoration of the birthday of Ulysses S. Grant.

THE COMMITTEE FOR 1893.

By authority of the resolution, printed on page 4, giving the committee power to "name their successors," the executive committee have appointed the following gentlemen, "to take into consideration and make all arrangements that in their judgment may be fitting," to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Grant, on April 27th, 1893 :

EDWIN S. STUART, Chairman,

GEORGE W. CHILDS,	FERDINAND J. DREER,
A. K. McCLURE,	E. DALE BENSON,
GEORGE S. GRAHAM,	JOSEPH C. FERGUSON,
GEORGE C. THOMAS,	CHARLES H. CRAMP,
WM. SELLERS,	JOHN L. LAWSON,
S. H. GREY,	WM. E. LITTLETON,
D. H. HASTINGS,	T. E. WEIDERSHEIM,
THOMAS COCHRAN,	SAMUEL C. WELLS,
CHARLES F. WARWICK,	J. G. DARLINGTON,
JOSEPH W. KERR,	R. C. OGDEN,
A. J. DREXEL, JR.,	E. A. HANCOCK,
E. C. KNIGHT, JR.,	C. STUART PATTERSON,
E. H. FITLER, JR.,	WM. H. HURLEY, JR.

